

SONGS OF THE SKOKIE  
AND OTHER VERSE

ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER





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# SONGS OF THE SKOKIE

*And Other Verse.*

by

*Anne Higginson Spicer*



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## DEDICATION

To the loving memory of the one person who would have read this little book uncritically, just because his daughter wrote it,

CHARLES MAYNARD HIGGINSON.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the Canadian Magazine for permission to re-print the poem, "In Joyous Garde," also to the Munsey Company for "The Night Tower-man," and to Good Housekeeping, Out West, the Montreal Mirror, Montreal Herald, The Ave Maria, The Outrider, Ajax, Boston Transcript, Springfield Republican, Chicago News, Post and Journal from whose pages various others are re-printed.

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A. H. S.

## A PRAYER

Dear Muse, a humble rhymester kneels  
Before thy sacred shrine  
Where through the centuries have knelt  
All votaries of thine.

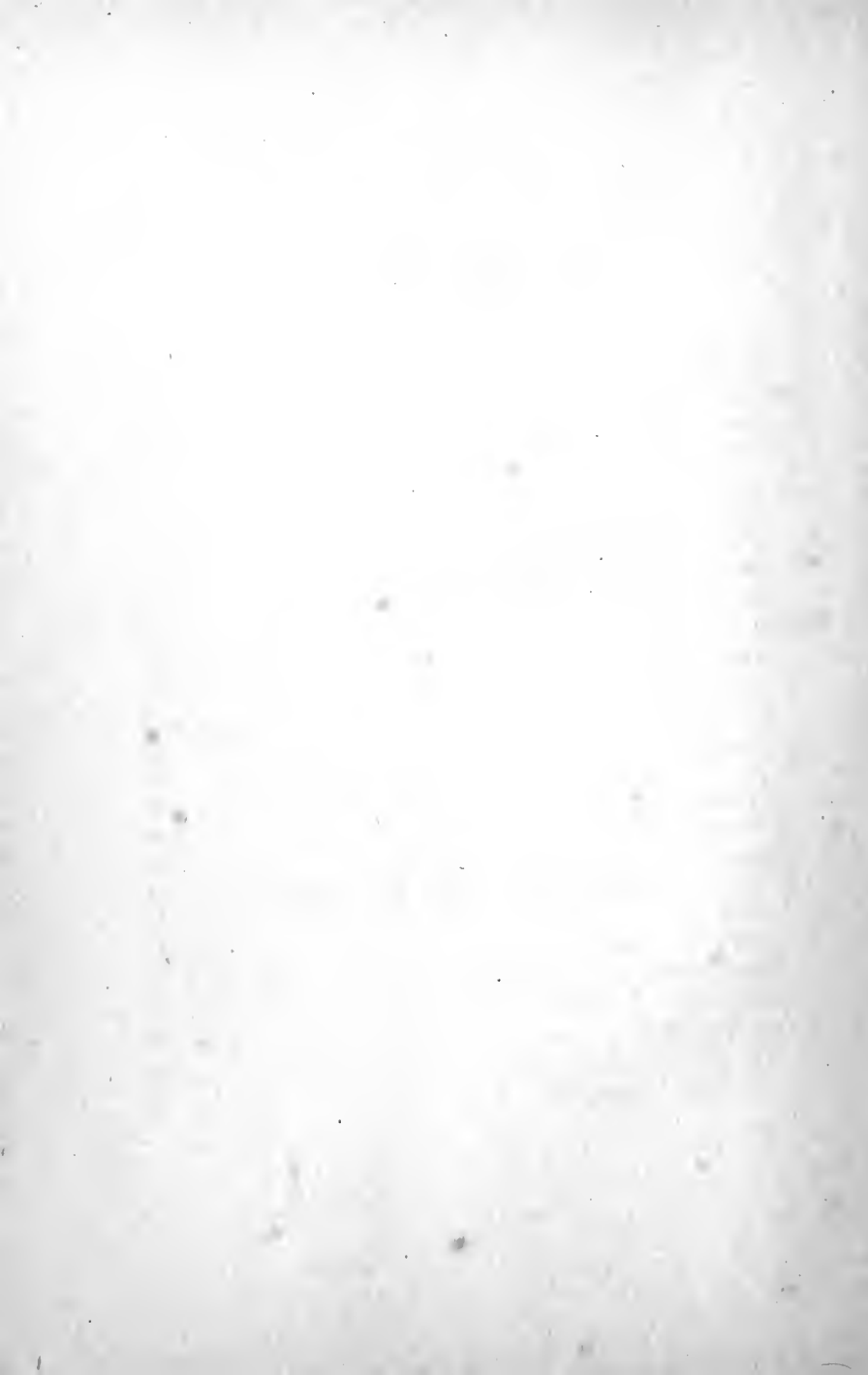
I ask no gift of serious verse,  
Of rhythms vast or deep.  
But let me write some lulling thing  
That sings a child to sleep.

I ask no vellum-covered tome  
To hold the verse I write.  
But let me be the clipped out scrap  
That Mother reads at night,

Or that be-fingered, laughed-at squib,  
Part tearful, part grotesque,  
Some tired-out man, with, "D'ye see this?"  
Takes from his office desk.

Thou knowest I can never write  
Great odes to Mars and Thor.  
Muse, help me write some tiny song  
That Sammy takes to war!

*August, 1917.*



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## SONGS OF THE SKOKIE

*(The Skokie is the old Indian name for a marshy country lying parallel to Lake Michigan, back of the Ridge, north of the city of Chicago.)*



## SONGS OF THE SKOKIE

### SONG OF AN APRIL FOOL

Across the fields I laugh and run.  
I toss my heart up to the sun  
And catch it back in my two hands.  
All girdled round with golden bands  
It is, and chains of sunny beams  
That glitter like my childish dreams.

And if the day is filled with mist,  
What care have I? Where e'er I list  
I run, and breathe soft depths of dew,  
And feel the soft damp soak me through  
Until my heart swells like a seed  
To burst to very bloom, indeed.

There may be those who keep a state  
Of dignity, and walk sedate,  
Who do not laugh, and do not care  
To meet Young April debonnair  
And smiling, like some shepherd swain  
Who greets his love, or sun or rain.

Poor fools. I'll let them go their way  
Unmindful of the April day.  
There must be something that they prize  
More than these rainbow April skies.  
They shall not daunt me as I run  
And toss my heart up to the sun.

## MORNING HYMN TO THE SKOKIE

Bend rushes and wave grasses!  
After night's hushes the south wind passes,  
Waking the swallows and rousing the thrushes  
In leafy hollows.  
Out in the marshes sing, oh sing,  
Bird with the sunrise caught in your wing.  
"Okalee! Okalee!  
Night is retaken and day is set free!  
Awaken, awaken, greet morning with me!"  
The blue swallows dip, flutter and dart.  
The dusk bees sip at the clover's heart.  
The hylas are trilling with wee throats a-quiver,  
Near a small hidden river, their heart-stirring lay.  
Meadow-larks carol from out of the willowy  
Copse where the grey reeds are bending in billowy  
Grace in obeisance, before the renaissance of day.

Wake! Wake! Wake! Raise your heads and show  
blue  
Azure-eyed grass of the meads, the sky's waiting for you  
To reflect in your soft silken deeps her ethereal hue.  
Iris in samite of purple befitting a queen,  
Summon the aid of your guardian lancers in green,  
Fend off that opal-winged dragon-fly, sapphire of sheen,  
Assailing with blue-mailed metals  
The veiling soft sheaves of your petals.  
Oh pale bind-weed clamber to look at your grace  
Where the grey pool turns amber, down, down to the  
base

Where from darkness that barred her, Nymphaea  
    upsprings  
To meet the sun's ardor and ope the green rings  
That so steadfastly guard her till the month comes for  
    yielding  
Her gold-ingot treasure to the plundering pleasure  
Of picaroon lovers on gossamer wings  
Who rob in despite of her broad leaves' upshieling.

A tanager flames in the hawthorn hedges,  
While safe from the harrow, along the marsh edges,  
A humble brown sparrow breathes first a soft prayer  
For the nest in the sedges, then flies in the air  
To alight on a low-bending stalk of the yarrow  
As he shouts out exultant; "Away. Away care.  
Tears begone. Fears begone. Dread of the years  
    begone.  
Forget frowning night. Worship the light.  
Light is good. Air is good. Life is good. God is  
    good."

Sing little optimist, sing! Your message is plain!  
Yours is no prophecy false, uttered for gain.  
Swell little heart with your mood, sing o'er the prairies  
    your note,  
Earth's benedicite good, hymned by your pulsating  
    throat.  
Grasses and flowers, far and nigh, sing from the thicket  
    and sod.  
Marsh-meadow, prairie and sky, raise your hosannas to  
    God.

## DAWN

The grass is opal-pearled.  
The stars are fading fast.  
Where the singing night-elves whirled  
A stillness broods at last.  
No bud is yet uncurled,  
Only the wind sighs past  
As the unawakened world  
Waits in a silence vast  
Till day's standard is unfurled  
At the dawn-trump's mighty blast  
Through the echoing ether hurled.

## PRAIRIE LOVE

I tread the spreading, open ways,  
Through billowing meadow-grassy seas  
While Bob-o-Lincoln shouts his praise  
Of summer to the quickening breeze.

The meadow-larks and blackbirds shed  
Their liquid notes like showers of tune.  
Blue swallows dart above my head  
As I step softly through the June.

Let mighty poets chant their laud  
Of towering mount, majestic sea.  
My humble pipe trills praise to God  
Who gave this prairie-love to me.

## THE RIDGE ROAD

### I

Spring along the Ridge Road! Hear the hylas trilling.  
Out across the Skokie a redwing calls the day.  
Velvet furrows black from the autumn tilling  
Show a gleam of chrysoprased, the wheat of early May.  
Hedge-rows thick with blossom-buds, sunny glitter  
falling  
All along the marshy pools where ice shone yesterweek.  
Voices from the woodland are calling, calling,  
"Come foot it on the Ridge Road. The spring plays  
hide-and-seek."

### II

Summer on the Ridge Road. Noontide air all hazy;  
Filled with golden pollen-dust, scarce a breeze astir.  
All things dozing in the sun, calm, content and lazy,  
Save when strident locusts cut the silence with their  
whirr.  
Grasses ripen yellowly in the Skokie meadows,  
Poplars twinkle silver leaves, red field-lilies glow.  
Anxious birds instruct their young, hidden in the  
shadows,  
"Try your wings, for very soon we must southward go."

## III

Autumn on the Ridge Road. Chilly air a-shimmer.  
Branches bare and leafless against November skies.  
Smoke curls from the chimneys, friendly windows  
glimmer  
Offering warmth and welcome as the daylight dies.  
Glare-ice in the tracks, and the wagons homeward  
creaking.  
Haycocks heap where grass was green, shocks where  
fields of corn.  
Out across the Skokie a dismal crow is shrieking  
"Summer's left the Ridge Road. I'm lonely and  
forlorn."

## IV

Winter on the Ridge Road. Icy winds are sweeping  
Over drifts of driven snow. Not a soul in sight.  
Stars up in the frozen sky their silent watch are keeping  
Like unfriendly sentinels who challenge night.  
Yet beneath its blanket white the Skokie's heart is  
yearning,  
Tiny hidden pulses throb to warn us of the spring.  
Ere we know the year has fled, the first blue-bird  
returning  
Sings of love and dawn and all sweet reawakening.

## STORM ACROSS THE SKOKIE

The winds sweep o'er the meadow grass.  
It sways and writhes, a quivering sea,  
And one tall-growing willow-tree  
Dips like a ship to let them pass.

The gulls flock inward from the lake.  
They soar and swoop to catch their prey  
Many a bird and fieldmouse grey  
Must perish those grim maws to slake.

The cattle wander anxious-eyed,  
Or huddle near some thicket-patch.  
A horse untethered, shakes his thatch  
Of mane, and runs with nostrils wide.

A jagged flash, a livid streak,  
A pattern of fantastic fire  
Across the clouds, and high and higher  
The notes of thunder roll and shriek.

A crash and then torrential rain  
Bursts from the black and teeming sky,  
While from my spirit's misery  
Flows out and floods the ancient pain.

Pain?—or a racial memory  
Of griefs and wars and sacrifice,  
Women who watched with anxious eyes  
And men who fought for liberty.

The crash, the tumult, then the rift  
Between the clouds. The tumults cease  
And sunlight breaks like smiling peace  
Across the land, and hearts uplift.

### JUBILATE

Treading through the meadow grass  
Where blue swallows dart,  
Watching how the shadows fall  
Where the grey clouds rift,  
Happily my foot shall pass  
While singing goes my heart  
Beating to the red-wing's call  
O'er blossomy seas adrift.

Where the blue-eyed grassy stars  
Stretch like tapestries,  
Where their sunbeam-threaded gold  
The dandelions weave,  
When to bobolinkian bars  
My feet dance o'er the leas,  
Where's the heart could stay a-cold?  
Where's the heart could grieve?

## WAR VERSES



## WAR VERSES

### HAIL AND FAREWELL

Dogs barking, dust a-whirling  
And drum throbs in the street.  
The braggart pipes are skirling  
An old tune wild and sweet.

By fours the lads come trooping  
With heads erect and high,  
I watch with heart a-drooping  
To see the kilties by.

And one of them is glancing  
Up to this window, this!  
His brave blue eyes are dancing;  
He tosses me a kiss.

I send him back another  
I fling my hand out free.  
"God keep you safely, brother,  
Who go to die for me."

*Montreal, November, 1914.*

### HOSPITAL

Ah, not for him the winding road  
With pale white finger beckoning!  
Ah, not for him the wind-swept road  
That leads into the heart of spring!

Four bleak white walls to close him in  
Are all he sees of life, and truth.  
Four walls, and shuddering deeps of pain  
Would shut him in from love and youth.

But youth laughs down that winding road,  
Love with the wind comes singing free.  
Four walls! You never shall shut out  
From heart of him this heart of me.

*January, 1915.*

## OVERSEAS

While Flanders' fields grow greener  
O'er faithful lads and true,  
To sit and knit at endless grey  
Seems a poor thing to do.

Now France has had my lover  
Since April was a year,  
While I roll strips of linen  
And choke back many a tear.

To march with drum and banner,  
To dig, to shoot, to kill—  
'Twould seem to me a Heaven  
To this Hell of sitting still.

*January, 1916.*

## AUGUST 1914

Happy in the August sun, all this pleasant day,  
Merry lads have leapt and run, shouting in their play.  
Brave-limbed in their manly fun, heedless, what care  
    they  
For thousand lads whose games are done, young limbs  
    turned to clay?  
Mothers bereft and grey.

Now I hear the prattling noise of children overhead,  
Laughing, playing with their toys, on the road to bed,  
Let no sad thought cloud their joys, or vex one curly  
    head  
For thousand other girls and boys now unfatherèd.  
Ah, God! The fathers dead!

Soon the loitering footsteps pass through the moonlit  
    mist,  
'Tis a lover and his lass wandering where they list.  
Scarce a thought each young heart has of pale-lipped  
    girls unkissed,  
Weeping mid the sullied grass, where War left his grist,  
When Death bid Love desist.

## THE MESSENGER

"There were days when the front was really quiet—once we heard an English skylark, and for a little while, it made the world beautiful again."—James Norman Hall in "Kitchener's Mob."

Just for a day the clamorous uproar stilled.  
The shrapnel ceased to shriek, the smoke-drifts fled.  
The soldiers questioned how the fight had sped,  
Some yet undaunted, some with courage chilled  
At fear lest all for naught rich life was spilled.  
Some spoke slow grief for comrades who were dead,  
And some with dreaming eyes gazed overhead  
Toward the once-green fair land, now long untilled.  
Then from the field a skylark rose in flight  
Cleaving the air with ecstasy of sound.  
Battle-tired eyes with holier fires grew bright  
At winged remembrance of the English ground,  
And many a soldier whispered in his heart,  
"Hail thou blithe spirit. Bird thou never art!"  
*March, 1916.*

## "FILLEUL"

He writes me that his mother's old, her eyes are dim;  
In all this world there's no one writes to him  
Except Marraine, nor any cares to send  
Those pleasant little packages that lend

The comfort, warmth and ease, and help make glad  
The homesick heart of a poor soldier-lad.  
He used to feel more suffering. Now he  
Has dear Marraine to bear him company,  
The world seems not so very triste a place,  
Although, perhaps, he'll never see her face.  
He says: if dear Marraine  
Will give herself the pain  
To send the little pipe she writes of lately,  
And some tabac, why it will please him greatly.  
Also, although he hesitates to ask,  
Still nights fall cold, and frost is in the trenches,  
And he has patched, truly a tiresome task,  
Those flannels old, until now when he wrenches  
Them off, they fall in rags, those garments old  
And worthless! When his shoulders once get cold  
It mars the usefulness. Two suits would seem  
A gift from Heaven. Still he would not dream  
Of asking, but Marraine had said, "Take heed  
You tell me everything that you may need."  
He hopes Marraine enjoys la bonne santé.  
Next time he writes he will have more to say.  
Meantime he is "Votre soldat dévoué

A. BEAUDRY, Corporal.

—ième Territorial Compagnie Pionniers."

*October, 1916.*

## RESPITE

Just for a moment, while the shells were bursting  
Just for a moment, through the yells and cursing  
Sleep, misty-veiled, sleep with star-gemmed garments  
Came hovering, flitting—

Surely I smelled the perfume of the lilacs  
Heard again ring-doves crooning on the ridge-pole  
Surely I saw through the window of our cottage  
My mother knitting!

*February 18th, 1917.*

## SONG

Sound of the beating drum!  
Call of the fife and horn!  
Gladly the answers come  
On every echo borne.  
Dawn of a larger morn!  
Shouts of a glorious throng.  
From every state and town come the soldiers filing  
down,  
Singing a marching song.

Far from the friendly town,  
Out on the hillside bare  
Tents of the khaki brown  
Stretch in the evening air.  
God! In a world so fair,  
Sweet in the springtide breath,  
Why must men engage to earn a bitter wage  
Treading the paths of death?

Hark how the answer rings  
"Fight we at Freedom's word.  
Ours neither Czars nor Kings  
Liberty owns our sword.  
Down with the creed abhorred  
Whose watchword is tyranny  
We battle to make way for a braver brighter day  
And a true democracy.

*April 10th, 1917.*

THE STARS AND STRIPES FLY OVER  
WESTMINSTER

APRIL 20TH, 1917

Grey waters of the Thames, your shining sweeps  
Today shall bear a new reflection. See  
Where, with your English Cross, our Liberty  
Spreads its white Stars and Stripes, while in the deeps  
Of every patriot heart new freedom leaps.  
Forgot is all the ancient enmity  
Of Lexington, the more than century  
Of doubt. Today nation with nation weeps  
And swears to keep our faith, our swords from rust,  
Till we have raised the Lilies from the dust,  
And brought to bleeding Belgium hope and aid.  
Then, through the Seven Seas our flags unfurled  
Shall carry tidings to a wakened world,  
Our Stars, your Cross, in freedom's new crusade.

## SONG

(To be sung to the air of the Marseillaise)

A voice is calling, calling overseas:

"Come forth and right an ancient wrong.

"Overthrow old tyrannies,

"Swell the notes of Freedom's song.

"Strike a blow for your arm is strong.

"The sacred name of Liberty

"Must be protected through the years,

"The shame wrought by the enemy

"Must be washed out with blood and tears."

## CHORUS:

America, arise; your starry banner flies;

Redeem your word with cannon and with sword,

And battle for the Lord.

From east and west we hear the answer come

In the sound of marching men.

They respond to fife and drum,

From every field and hill and glen

The bugles are calling again:

"Your fathers fought for Liberty,

They bled that ye might all be free,

And their true sons are ye;

Come fight for Freedom, Law and Home."

## CHORUS:

America, arise; your starry banner flies;

Redeem your word with cannon and with sword,

And battle for the Lord.

*June 3rd, 1917.*

## TO A LAODICEAN

Blow hot, blow cold! Let conscientious doubt  
Creep its chill way, if that seem honesty!  
But do not let it blind you to this fact—  
Life is made up of "small observances."  
The touch of friendly hand when grief is deep,  
The smile, the tear, the sacred kiss of love,  
Are small observances, straws on the tide,  
Flickerings that hint of noble flame within.

Stand up to greet your flag! Scorn not to show  
Your thanks to God who lets it shelter you.  
Dread neither symbols nor symbolic acts  
Which do embroider Life's dull tapestry  
Of earnest work with color, beauty, grace.  
God's gifts are flower, and song, and acts of Faith!  
*June 11th, 1917.*

## HER LETTER, WITH A SWEATER

Dear Lad, the military orders say  
That I may only knit for you in solemn grey.  
Yet, as my needles click, it almost seems  
I'm knitting more than wool. A coat of dreams  
I weave for you, compact of gleams and glory,  
Gayer than Joseph's, in the Bible story.

An azure thread (invisible 'tis true)  
Slips in at thought of the dear eyes of you,  
And through the mist of memory is seen  
A happy glint of fresh and Maytime green  
For days we spent together, magic hours  
Of sunshine, laughter, and the smell of flowers.

Now the grey wool seems brighter to behold  
Until it shines like skeins of burnished gold  
At thoughts of dear, kind, foolish things you said  
One evening, when the sunset burned its red  
And last of all, one thread of rosy hue,  
At thought of—have you guessed?—a kiss for you!

*June, 1917.*

## THE CROIX DE GUERRE

P. B.

I hold the Croix de Guerre  
Where once I pressed his head  
With mother-love and care.  
I hold the Croix de Guerre  
And try to say a prayer  
But only moan, "He's dead."  
I hold the Croix de Guerre  
Where once I pressed his head.

I hold the Croix de Guerre  
Against the sunset skies.  
I seem to vision where  
I hold the Croix de Guerre  
A Greater Cross, that bare  
A mother's sacrifice.  
I hold the Croix de Guerre  
Against the sunset skies.



REAL PEOPLE

SONNETS



## REAL PEOPLE

### TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Long years a dweller in an alien land,  
I yearned with every fibre of my soul  
For this home-soil, these sacred States, the goal  
Of all my striving, vision through all I planned.  
Then fate (I said) was good, yet when I came  
My home seemed alien, and myself estranged,  
My native land's foundations shaken, changed—  
Her old-time valor but an empty name.  
Weak, purposeless, infirm, to me did seem  
What once was steadfast, freedom now spelled fear.  
Our sturdy principles turned vanes that veer  
Windblown,—forgot the Pilgrim's splendid dream.  
Now that I hear your voice, courageous, plain  
I know at last, I am at home again!

*October 28th, 1916.*

## TO JOHN MASEFIELD

You who have made the rhythms of the sea  
Beat through our hearts, though many leagues afar  
Its tossing crests and foam-swept boundaries are,  
What gift, oh Poet, can we bring to thee?  
When deep o'er Spanish Waters, magically  
Sounds chant of seaman 'neath the Southern Star,  
The melody, like some great Avatar,  
Transcends the din of street and factory!  
When from your blue horizons you bring hence  
The heartening message that the Dauber taught—  
"It will go on"—or plead the immanence  
Of Everlasting Mercy, then my thought  
Makes bold my hand, till reverently it weaves  
One prairie star-flower 'mid your laurel-leaves.

*January 30th, 1916.*

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Wrapped in a cloak of reticence he walks  
Unspeaking, but his harmonies give call  
Of whispering waters, deep bells passionate,  
And silver flowers, twisted from glassy stalks,  
To tinkle into depths where reason balks  
At dank black pools, beneath a waterfall,  
While Melisande waits in the forest tall  
Till murderous treasons strike her soul like hawks.  
Man's strange unordered thoughts of everyday  
He sets to some vague crumbling melody.  
Fancies unsteered like shallops drift away  
To clouded isles, engirt with mystery.  
The music ceases—broken is the spell—  
A robin sings in the sun, and all is well.

*February 24th, 1916.*

### “JOHNNY” HAND\*

October 21st, 1916

I mourn not only for thy silent bow,  
O kindly old musician, but am fain  
To linger o'er old memories again,  
Of youth and roses, and the throb and flow  
Of waltz-tunes, danced to in the long ago.  
Old hopes and fears, and early joy and pain,  
These mingle somehow with the funeral strain,  
And give grief's blackness old joy's afterglow.  
And though it seems a foolish fancy, friend,  
Yet as my thoughts, my dreams, are yours today,  
I hope when I, too, reach my journey's end,  
And Charon's ferry fee I needs must pay,  
Your welcoming music may so still my fears  
That "Danube," and not Styx, my spirit hears.

\* "Johnny" Hand was a musician who played at the "coming-out" parties of Chicago girls for many years, and was much beloved.

## IN MEMORIAM—F. B. SANBORN

With the death of Mr. Sanborn ends the last link in the chain which bound the memory of present day America with the past which flowered in that unique and typically New England group of men, the Concord School of Philosophy.

No more beside the peaceful Assabet,  
Nor in Old Concord's elm-arcaded street  
That tall familiar figure shall we greet.  
Somewhere with his companions gladly met  
He takes up broken threads of speech—and yet  
Those keen, kind eyes, with vision now complete  
Gaze hitherward with yearning for the sweet  
Old places that he never can forget.

Swung in sad pride above the golden rim  
Of the great dome upon the Hill, appears  
The flag he loved floating half-mast for him;  
But finer tribute is the fall of tears  
In black men's eyes and prisoner's—grown dim  
At loss of their defender through the years.

*March 13th, 1917.*

## "K. of K."

Drowned off north coast of Scotland June 7th, 1916

You walked this earth in splendid reticence,  
Oh square-chinned warrior of the level eyes,  
Who dauntless gazed at each new enterprise,  
Planning, with faith untrammelled, courage tense,  
To give your country succor and defense.  
You feared no savage under desert skies,  
Nor dreaded nearer, fiercer panoplies  
Of the new foe! What now your recompense?  
Earth held no death for you! No sculptured nave  
Frowns cold above you. Viking strains shall roll  
Where restless waters claimed your restless soul,  
And the lone sea-gull circles o'er your grave  
While old Valhalla's heroes shout, "Make room,  
For our new comrade, Kitchener of Khartoum."

ALAN SEEGER

Soldier, you kept your rendezvous with death  
Bravely at that disputed barricade.  
Poet, you met the terror undismayed,  
Unconquered by the fear that conquereth.  
In the chill hour when all else vanisheth  
Your gleaming flower of courage did not fade.  
A singing warrior, valiant, unafraid,  
You cheered your comrades with your waning breath.  
The soul that claimed all earthly beauty knew  
That death thus met was part of beauty too,  
And though your path inevitably led  
Where laurelled vistas let the sunshine through,  
Yet future lads shall march with surer tread  
Because you did not fail your rendezvous.

• *January 22nd, 1917.*



SONGS OF WORKADAY



## SONGS OF WORKADAY

### COMRADE LIFE

Life touched me on the shoulder  
While walking through the land.  
I met him with unshrinking gaze  
And—"Comrade, here's my hand."

So march we on together  
And many a tale we tell,  
And should we part tomorrow,  
Then—"Comrade, fare you well."

### THE NIGHT TOWER-MAN

Beneath my tower like flaming flowers  
The trackside beacons burn.  
I stand here through the evening hours  
And watch them change and turn  
When, answering to my quick-strained wrist.  
The polished levers forward twist.

Each evening, be it shine or rain  
When I a switch unlock  
I dream that as each passing train  
Glides safely through the block,  
I am a sort of Providence  
Speeding the weary people hence,

For yonder train of winding length  
Takes home the town-tired men  
Who came to market brains and strength  
Until the hour struck when  
Somewhere beyond the city's bound  
I send them home where sleep is sound.

The ocean's nothing but a word  
To me, yet I can press  
Aside a barrier that deterred  
The Maritime Express.  
I like to think that, but for me,  
That train could never reach the sea.

Sometimes folks question if I'm bored—  
"Get lonely here?" they ask.  
They don't dream how romance is stored  
For me, right in my task.  
Enthralled throughout the spell-set nights  
I press my levers, watch my lights.

For every train that comes and goes  
I weave a glowing plot,  
And though the sequel no man knows,  
I do not care a jot.  
I snatch at least a passing look  
At pages from Life's Wonder-book.

THE PIPES OF PAN

Sometimes his eyes gazed far away  
As though he saw a wondrous place.  
It seemed as if some passing fay  
With lightsome wing had touched his face.  
His mother frowned, her instinct stirred  
At danger, as a mother's can.  
How could she know her baby heard  
The Pipes of Pan?

Sometimes at school the master's look  
Would catch the young lad's upward glance  
As if across the printed book  
An elf did dance.  
Silent, enrapt, he stood at gaze  
While careless comrades laughed and ran.  
He heard across enchanted ways  
The Pipes of Pan.

The years pass by, filled up with days  
Of poverty, and grief, and care.  
The smoke must dim enchanted ways.  
No elf may breathe the city air.  
The shrieking whistles of the mill  
To daily drudgery call the man.  
It matters not. He hears them still,—  
The Pipes of Pan.

## ALONG THE NORTHWESTERN

## VILLANELLE

Across the sunset skies they come  
Along a bright enchanted way,  
Those flaming towers of Ilium.

By day they leave the spirit numb.  
They have no power to charm by day,  
Across the sunset skies they come.

The roofs of factories, gaunt and glum—  
Mere walls in serried outline they—  
Those flaming towers of Ilium.

Filled with machinery's roar and hum,  
And stooping figures, grim, and grey,  
Across the sunset skies they come.

Crowded with figures, joyless, dumb,  
Intent on drudgery and pay,  
Those flaming towers of Ilium.

Would they arouse to fife and drum?  
Or fight for Liberty at bay?  
Across the sunset skies they come  
Those flaming towers of Ilium.

MOTHERS ALL

Ye whom the deep love of man doth not turn to,  
Ye with no hearthside nor home that ye yearn to,  
Ye whom the high gods deny in the giving  
Right to bring forth human creatures to living,—

Weep for awhile for the joys that ye share not,  
Weep for awhile for the babes that ye bear not,  
Weep, as ye must, for the small lips that cling not,  
Grieve for the lullabies your voices sing not,

Then turn your hearts from your grief. Stay your  
weeping.

Motherhood hid in your natures is sleeping.  
Let it awaken and take rightful place now.  
Loosen your heart strings, and mother the race now.

Yours be the children of mine and of spindle.  
Children of homes where all sunshine must dwindle.  
Children whose lives grow to hates and abortion  
If they've no champion to fight for their portion.

See where they play in the slum and the gutter.  
Hark to the plaint that their piteous lips utter.  
"How on the last day when all sins are shriven  
Will God judge stones which for bread have been  
given?"

Then shall ye lift them and quiet their crying,  
Bring them to fields of bright flowers, with birds flying.  
Give them their birthright of love, warm and human.  
Ye all are mothers, so ye be but woman.

## CONTRAST

"Man's happiness is 'I will.'  
 Woman's happiness is 'He wills.'"  
*—Nietzsche.*

Purposeful, stout of the arm, steady of eye,  
 Man rives the rocks and hews the forests low,  
 Cleaves mighty hills and halts the torrents' flow,  
 Crying exultant: "Thus am I happy, I!"

The woman follows him o'er vales and hills,  
 Ready to comfort, cheer, or swell again  
 His song of triumph with her softer strain,  
 "This be my happiness since this he wills."

## METAMORPHOSIS

He takes her hand, they seem to be  
 Beneath a grey-rimmed olive-tree  
 Beside a gulf of lazuli  
 In Italy—in Italy;  
 But passers-by may only scan  
 A dark-browed girl, a swarthy man,  
 Who, in the soot-grimed sordid street  
 For one brief moment, magic sweet,  
 Pause hand-clasped in the drizzling rain  
 To hear the old street-organ's strain  
 Run hauntingly, tormentingly,  
 "Addio, Bella Napoli."

## AT THE OFFICE

There are dozens just like her go passing you daily  
Setting forth in the morning with courage and will,  
To take up life's cudgels and brandish them gaily  
They tramp to the office down Beaver Hall Hill.

But there's one of them all who can set your heart beat-  
ing,  
You watch for a moment and give her a smile  
As she passes your office and nods you a greeting,  
You pause in your draughting and ponder awhile.

You think of the world, and how bravely she'll face it.  
A brown study holds you quite closely, until  
You make a false line, sir, and have to erase it,  
And attend to your own work, on Beaver Hall Hill.

Yet your office mates rightly would call you a dub, man,  
Unless your eyes followed her now, and again.  
Why even the boredest, most blasé old clubman  
When *she* passes, presses his nose to the pane.

How lightly she trips over pavement and cobble —  
A soldier might pale at the risks that she takes.  
As she crosses the road in her neat little hobble,  
You pray that the chauffeurs will look to their brakes.

They say at the office she's true to each task, sir,  
Obliging and capable, ready for work.  
She tries to accomplish whatever they ask, sir.  
She's willing and honest and never will shirk.

When six o'clock comes and the day's work is over  
You tidy your desk and you take down your coat,  
And you wait at the door, an impatient young lover,  
Till she comes on her way to her lodgings remote.

There's a very tired droop to that valiant young figure.  
As you see her safe home with devotion you thrill,  
And you vow when your pay-check is one number bigger  
She shall not have that long climb up Beaver Hall Hill.

*Montreal, 1911.*

## GABRIEL

Out of the sordid street a woman came,  
Entered a doorway, climbed a creaking stair  
Gasping and weary, to an attic. There  
She clutched a moment at the bleak door's frame,  
Feeling her breath cut through her like a flame.  
Then turned she in that refuge, cheerless, bare,  
That she called home—a place of smitten air—  
And startled at a voice that spoke her name.  
Then as she waited, panting, hopeless, lo!  
A tall white angel with a tender face  
Confronted her, held out a lily-blow—  
“Take this, my daughter, sent thee by God's grace.”  
The woman flinched, and spoke with bitter breath,  
“Oh, is it *you*? I hoped it might be Death.”

## DISH-WASHING

Why dry them if you like, dear heart. You know  
I love to have you near me.  
The pretext doesn't matter.  
Still I hate to see you get  
Your hands all greasy.  
My own?  
Yes, they are not like what my mother used  
To call a lady's hands, well-kept and satin-smooth.

Sometimes I look at other women's hands  
So white! So tended! Tempting I should think  
To men—if I, a woman sometimes long  
To stroke them.  
Then I look at these poor hands of mine,  
Nails blunted, flesh burned rough.  
I can but think with some regret  
Of the rose-pink of youth, that long ago was theirs.  
I can remember they had dimples, too,  
Where now are wrinkles only.  
It was not vanity that made me prize  
Such beauty as I had.  
I had the more to give you—that was all,  
Now I can only serve you with these hands.  
They have been useful all these twenty years,  
These twenty busy, happy, anxious years  
We've spent together.  
No darling! Don't! The're soapy still and wet!  
Now you have made me cry.  
They are not hands, but swords of valiant service  
Your kiss the accolade that nobled them!

FOUR SONNETS  
OF  
MONTREAL



## FOUR SONNETS OF MONTREAL

### NOTRE DAME DE BON SECOURS

Aloof thou standest in the market-place,  
Serene, remote, thou gazest toward the quays  
Where safe in port from grey and sullen seas  
The mighty liners crowd home from the race.  
Though there is welcome in thy radiant face,  
Little of care or thankfulness have these  
Whose masts and stacks top thy slight spires with ease  
When, for their aid, thy aureole sheds grace.  
Had it but shone so bright in other days  
To guide the fragile barks of Jacques, or Pierre,  
Across the rapids turbulent, what praise  
Had been thy meed for that protecting care.  
Yet shine on, Lady of Good Help, thy rays  
Shall stir us yet to thankfulness and prayer.

## NOTRE DAME DE GRACE

The grey old convent, midway of the fields  
Stands staunch through winter snow and summer rain.  
Harvest it knows, and seedtime come again,  
Ripe golden sweeps, and wheat-kerns earth-concealed.  
From that high turret gentle bells have pealed  
Over the prairies rich in autumn grain,  
Or through the wintry blasts have sung refrain  
Of hope to suppliants who praying kneeled.  
I bring my prayer, ere yet the harvesters  
Come from the reaping to their vesper song.  
Grant me good courage, I am full of fears,  
Comfort me Mother, for the months are long.  
Ere yet the wheat springs green, oh Mother Mild;  
Safe to thy altar help me bring my child.

NOTRE DAME DES NEIGES

The good priest asks: "Why must you always weep?  
Four are still left to play about your door."  
I cannot answer for my heart is sore  
For him who on the hillside lies asleep.  
When summer comes the hurt is not so deep,  
Through the green woods I wander with my four  
To pick anemones he loved of yore,  
And violets on his little shrine to heap.

But oh! Those winter nights when North wind blows!  
My sorrowing eyes with bitter tears are blind  
Weeping for him beneath that hill of snows.  
I pray with breaking heart: "Oh, Mother Kind—  
Mother of little Jesus, hear my prayer,—  
Keep Thou my baby in Thy tender care!"

## NOTRE DAME DE MONTREAL

Thy grey and warlike towers are sentinel  
Before the square where traders make their way  
From bank to bourse, from politics to play,  
Unmindful of thy hourly chiming bell.  
But when The Great Bourdon its requiem knell  
Peals forth in majesty on All Souls' Day  
Then careless worldlings cross themselves and pray,  
Remembering tales their fathers used to tell.  
For now the noble-hearted come again,  
Bringing thee loyal message from afar.  
Marquette and Maisonneuve, Cartier, Champlain,  
Frontenac, Roberval, LaSalle, Dollard,—  
Cry—"Keep thy soul with courage, Ville Marie.  
The living and the dead both fight for thee."

## IN JOYOUS GARDE

"We were glad together in gladsome meads."

The Rime of Joyous Garde.

—*Adam Lindsay Gordon.*



## IN JOYOUS GARDE

## IN JOYOUS GARDE

You have come back from all your wandering  
To find me as you left me, still at work,  
Grubbing among my bulbs (an earth-bound soul!)

While you with wingèd feet like Ariel  
Have girdled all the world since last we met.

Thrice welcome you, and should you not be glad  
That there are those who simply stay at home

A-weaving welcomes for you wanderers?  
You come with your enthusiams fresh;

I'll share them with you gladly, if you like,  
But do not try to make me envious.

Your happy eyes have seen the Parthenon

Since last you stood beneath our prairie sky,  
And you have heard the Adriatic's call

Fed with your very hand sweet Hilda's doves,  
And plucked the asphodel in Sicily!

Well! I have heard our blue lake's friendly swish  
Upon the shore. The song-birds are my friends

Who come with joyous twittering at my call.  
Then late in March I found hepaticas—

But here's no Parthenon, I grant you that!

You say no sound can ever greet your ear  
Like that bewildering old temple-bell  
There in an ancient grove near Tokio  
That boomed a melody you'll ne'er forget.  
You tell me how in the great Abbey's nave  
You heard a lad carolling high and higher  
Some old *Te Deum*, till your heart began  
To swell with rapture reverent, till it seemed  
As if you scarce could be alive, so sweet  
The sound, so great the scene. Ah! Yes, I know!  
Sometimes at early dawn I steal from bed,  
Open a door, and o'er the threshold step  
Into a world where everything's dew-washed.  
The air is silvery, pearl-like, luminous,  
So pure, so morning-pure, one is afraid  
To sully it with deed or word, or thought.  
One lonely star, perhaps, is lingering.  
It seems the very morning of the world  
And I the first to greet it—hush; what's that?  
A note—a cadence—quivering through the air,  
Rising crescendo in an ecstasy  
Of thanks to God and greeting to the day.  
A song-sparrow, His wee, brown chorister!

You vow we have no artists here at home  
Who rank with the great masters or can vie  
With unassuming Orient artisans  
Whose daily tasks are truly miracles?  
Now tell me, was there ever Nippon bronze  
Or Eastern tapestry which can compare  
With yonder tracery of green and gold,  
Sunlight and shadow, on the velvet ground?

And only look where, there against the sky,  
The cornel lifts its shapely pointed spires  
Of opening leaves, like tiny flames of green  
Raising Spring's incense to the God of Light!  
I cannot think those distant mystic shrines  
Of which you speak with wonder in your voice  
Could make my heart swell with more ecstasy  
Than does this smell of rain-washed earth in May.

I am a painter, too. My canvas spreads  
Only this little acre, in the sun,  
But with this earth-stained trowel that you see  
And bags of bulbs, queer roots, and tiny seeds  
I paint my growing picture, year by year.  
A "Spring-time" did your Botticelli paint,  
I know it well, and think of it each time  
I loose the earth about my primroses—  
See where they smile, a very flash of gold!  
All last October, when the early frost  
Had turned the sassafras from gentle green  
To a mosaic, flaming red and gold,  
I plodded on my hands and knees for hours,  
Digging and changing, humming as I worked,  
A little tune of very olden times.  
You know it, "Violets, like Juno's eyes"!  
Now it is Spring, and blossoming in the shade  
Here is the song, writ out in purple notes—  
Puvis would call that colour good, I think,  
Which I, helped out, 'tis true, by rain and sun—  
Fashioned just here, a violet madrigal.

There where the pyrethrums are raising pink  
And cheerful faces to the sun, it seemed  
A bit too pink a spot, so t'other day  
I took my trowel and dug up that root  
Of pale forget-me-not, and planted it  
In front of all the pink. That night a shower  
Fell, and next morning you could never guess  
But Nature's brush those colours had combined  
So right they looked, so reasonably they grew;  
One helps the miracle where'er one can—  
But there are miracles one cannot touch!  
Not long ago, out in the April sun,  
I swear I saw *Mertensia* change the tint  
Of her pink buds into that wondrous blue  
She jangles bell-like in the frosty breeze.  
One might go round the world a hundred times  
And never catch that trick of hers again.

I have not seen the marbles of the Greeks  
Except as we do get them, second best,  
But still I dare, with shears and pruning-knife,  
Attempt a certain sculpture of my own!  
I clip the shrubs to make a better bloom,  
To curb them shapely, and let in the light  
On humble blossoms growing at their feet.  
But, oh, I'm careful! And I watch to see  
How Nature does it, and I follow her  
So you would never think them touched, but say,  
"With what luxuriance, when let alone,  
These wild things grow, and spread. I like them so!"

Perhaps some day I too shall travel far,  
Hearing and seeing all that man has done,  
Meanwhile I dig my garden, hum my song.  
Who will may come to see my garden grow,  
Smell the earth's incense, listen to the birds,  
Breathe the soft breath of peace which here exhales,  
And there's no man can make me envious.

### MY ARCADY

While others prate of golden loves and poet's song,  
Of nightingales and turtle-doves and castles strong,  
I'll sing MY Arcady, a place of common things  
Where happiness could lend a grace to sparrows' wings.  
There heard, the robin's cheerful song could ne'er seem  
old.

There never blew a wind so strong that I felt cold.  
Mere hollyhocks in blossoming grace vied with the rose,  
Each hearthside was a friendly place where hearts grew  
close.

A stranger passing by that road unwittingly  
Might, since no sign nor beacon glowed, miss Arcady,  
'Twas just a something set apart, a rest from care,  
'Twas perhaps a feeling in the heart, a freer air.  
Bereft, I feel a bitter lack where'er I roam  
But living, working, I'll win back since Arcady spells  
Home.

## MIDDLE-MARCH

Wind of the south is it spring in the woodland  
Whence you have come with a message to me?  
Say have you news of the dear land, the good land,  
Thought's home and heart's home wherever I be?  
Down through the garden for which I am longing,  
(Tell me, oh south-wind, for you have been there,)  
Say, do the daffodil troopers come thronging?  
Do crocus sentinels challenge the air?

Here in the city pent homesick I'm musing.  
Does the hepatica push through the leaves?  
Well I remember the fabric she's using,  
Sun-web and frost-woof the petals she weaves.  
Where the grey river-flood fed by the melting snows  
Sweeps on its angry way down to the sea,  
Does the old alder-tree shake out its golden bows,  
Greeting the spring-tide with banners flung free?

Almost I feel spite of smoke-reek of factory,  
Clanging of bells and the din of the street,  
Magic of spring-time come surging refractory,  
Filling my heart with its rhythm full sweet.  
Here, even here the first grass-blade is springing,  
Dandelion circles are glinting with gold,  
Hear, yes I hear him, a robin is singing,  
"I'm here. The spring's here. Leap hearts and  
grow bold."

## THE HOME-PLACE

And it's if I had my wish I'd be going 'far, far,  
To my own true country that is many miles away,  
I'd cross a mighty river and be following a star  
That's shining to south-westward where green moun-  
tains are,  
Till I came to my home village, and my house of grey.

For it's there dwell all my friends, who will speak me  
kind,

Or if I'm coming early, or if I'm coming late.  
Ah, it's how my thoughts fly thither in the homeward  
wind—

Yes, my heart seems drifting with it till I seek and find  
My own, own home-place with its small green gate.

And it's how my feet would hasten up a path that's  
there,

Where the hollyhocks are growing, and the larkspurs  
blue.

I would stop upon the threshold just to breathe a prayer  
Full of thankfulness to God for the sweet home air,

Then I'd enter in the doorway and be finding you.

## ET IN ARCADIA EGO

I know a spot of beauty rare  
Where roses glow in splendor,  
Where lilies white beyond compare  
Grow tall and straight and slender.

Where tropic plants with colors bright  
Beyond one's fondest dreaming  
Spring in profusion day and night  
In richest colors gleaming.

Fruits such as in old Eden grew  
When this our Earth was younger  
In richest clusters meet the view  
But don't appease our hunger.

For this rare spot of which I speak  
Which set me so agog  
Was in a book I saw last week  
Blank's Spring Seed Catalogue.

## UNKNOWN BIRDS.

Sweet is the bobolink's song  
As he balances high on the grasses.  
The catbird trills all the day long  
Mocking each rival who passes.  
There's a twitter of joy and of cheer  
To be heard in the sparrow's grey flock,  
But the birds I am longing to hear  
Are the Phoenix, the Dodo, the Roc.

Fine is the grey eagle's flight,  
And the dip of the swallows at even,  
The sea-gull's my special delight  
When he circles 'twixt ocean and heaven.  
The wild geese spread out in a "V",  
Swift whirrs the frightened woodcock,  
But the birds whose flight I wish to see  
Are the Phoenix, the Dodo, the Roc.

Red is the tanager's coat  
As he sings his low-murmuring matin,  
Brilliant the grosbeak's soft throat,  
And the oriole's vestments of satin.  
So gorgeous the cardinal is dressed  
That the quaker wrens get quite a shock,  
But gayer I'm sure than the rest  
Were the Phoenix, the Dodo, the Roc.

Audubon, every bird's friend,  
Shall I find in the heavenly flock  
When my bird-hunting here's at an end,  
The Phoenix, the Dodo, the Roc?

## IN PRAISE OF PLEASAUNT BLOSSOMS

If I were planting a garden gay  
I would have Stockes and the Flower-de-luce  
Bordered by banks of Witch-hazel grey,  
Sentinelled by a purple Spruce.  
Gillyflowers, and the Columbine,  
Ladies-Smockes, with some Fenell near,  
There may be present day flowers as fine,  
Give me the blossoms of yester-year!

No matter how small my garden plot,  
There should be bushes of Guelder-rose,  
Flanked at their feet by Forget-me-not,  
With Love-in-Idleness growing close.  
Fritillarias brought from France,  
Galligaskins to wee folk dear,  
Wind-flowers dipping their graceful dance  
Daintiest blossoms of yester-year.

I would have beds of sweet-savored herb  
Burnet and Hyssop and Marjoram,  
Edged with Box in a close-cut curb,  
With a grassy path where my foot should come.  
Healing simples I'd plant in rows,  
Alecost, Tansy, and somewhere near  
Rosemary too, yes, I'd sow it close.  
To my pleasaunt blossoms of yester-year.

Had I but known you, oh Parkinson!  
How we'd have revelled, and bent our heads  
As we stopped to gaze over every one  
Of those pleasaunt plants in your garden-beds.

How they flourished in those old days  
Of your "Earthly Paradise" loved and dear,  
Tell—does Saint Peter still let you raise  
Those pleasaunt blossoms of yester-year?  
—*Written after looking over an early edition of Parkinson's "Paradisi in sole paradisus Terrestris."*

### THE STAY-AT-HOME

No voices can call me to Candahar,  
Rangoon, nor the pink Arabian sea.  
The magical syllables, Malabar,  
Sing no Lorelei song to me.  
Why should I long for an Arden tree?  
Carcassonne never was one of my aims.  
I have my own little Arcady—  
The flowers in my garden have lovely names.

Others may journey to Miramar,  
Samoa, Ispahan, Muscovy.  
I find it pleasanter here by far,  
Where primulas grow, and anemone,  
Fennel, angelica, rosemary,  
Bergamot (burning like scarlet flames),  
Pale veronica (sought by the bee)—  
The flowers of my garden have lovely names.

For I was born 'neath a gardening star  
When the daffodils danced in their April glee.  
Maple trees blazed like the cinnabar  
While I studied my flowery a-b-c.

"A is Armeria, Balsam is B"—  
I learned from old Nature, the best of dames—  
Down to "V is Valerian, Zinnia, Z"—  
The flowers in my garden have lovely names.

So voyage, oh reader, whoever you be,  
From far Lochaber to Calgary.  
This stay-at-home person won't join your games—  
The flowers in her garden have lovely names.

## MATINS

(Sonnetina)

Come out into our garden-close;  
Look, while I hold the curtain drawn,  
How new-born daisies on the lawn  
Reflect the sunrise lingering rose.  
See, while your dreamy senses doze,  
The last pale moonflower's almost gone.  
The morning-glory blew at dawn  
Her trump, to summon slumber's foes.

Lift up, dear heart, that sleepy brow.  
Here's a new day that God has given.  
All Nature waits to show us how  
Old faults may be dew-washed, and shriven.  
Could they but see our garden now,  
Even infidels would dream of Heaven.

SIMONE

(After the French of Remy de Gourmont. Not an exact translation)

Simone, the sunshine laughs through leaves of cherry,  
Young April has come back to make us merry,  
Upon his shoulder bringing trays of flowers,  
Pale violets, and whitethorn for our bowers.

He sows through meadow-fields, and through the  
grasses,  
On banks of brooks, ponds, ditches, as he passes,  
He borders streams with daffodils, has strewed  
Anemones through woodland solitude.

The valley-lily's for the hidden dell,  
For open spots the golden primrose-bell,  
And Easter daisies smile throughout the mead  
In open spaces where the first bees feed.

Simone—and in this garden sweet—of ours,  
He'll soon bring columbines and gillyflowers,  
Sweet-smelling hyacinths and iris too,  
And velvet pansies, all, Simone, for you!

## IRIS TIME

It's Iris time! It's Iris time! 'Twixt tulip-days and  
rose,

The garden walk in iris time with purple splendor glows.  
The leafy spears are on parade, the bugles of the June  
Summon each bud and bloom and blade with sturdy  
marching tune.

Although my garden's humble earth stands for democ-  
racy,

The simple flowers of peasant birth make way for  
royalty,

For "King of Iris" golden-crowned—and tall and pink  
and gay—

"Her Majesty" comes, rosy-gowned (or is it "Queen  
of May?").

"Maori Kings" and "Gypsy Queens" are handsome,  
proud and tanned.

Next comes a troop of "Florentines," the tallest in the  
land.

"Penelope's" a lovely whirl of blue and gold and white,  
"Madame Chereau" with fringe and curl, is French,  
and charming quite.

In red and gold old "Honorabile" stands proud, pre-  
senting arms,

"Dalmatica" deep pride must feel in her rich purple  
charms.

"Pallida" wears a paler hue, of course "Canary's"  
yellow.

"Alvarez" carries royal blue, "John Bull's" a stout old  
fellow.

The "Quaker Lady" mauve and grey, hangs down her  
peaceful head,  
"Charles Dickens" turns to violet gay, since he is never  
red.  
"Aurea's" Gold, so's "Souvenir" though streaked with  
veins of dark,  
(For memory is sometimes drear, and sorrow leaves a  
mark).

"Rhein Nixe" and the "Lorelei" (say, must we change  
their nation?)  
"Celeste's" soft blue is like the sky, "Neglecta's" poor  
in station,  
But she has champions to fear, "Hector" the fine, the  
splendid,  
And "Agamemnon" guards the rear, with him the list  
is ended.

The Earth is sweet in iris time, fresh green, and birds  
a-twitter,  
Young love that hums its budding rhyme, and beams of  
sunny glitter  
(And yet what heart can beat carefree while trampled  
on and bleeding  
The proud pale blooms of Fleur de Lis are crushed by  
feet unheeding?).

### BEE-HAVE!

Bumble-bee, bumble-bee, can't you be humble, bee?  
Blundering Don Juan of the larkspur and daisy.  
Pride will but stumble, bee. Best not to grumble, bee.  
All of the garden flowers think you half crazy.

Bumble-bee, bumble-bee, how you do rumble, bee.  
Thundering notes like a deep-booming 'cello.  
Hear the flowers mumble, bee, "Isn't that bumble-bee  
Growing to be just a bothering old fellow?"

Bumble-bee, bumble-bee, awkward old fumble bee.  
Plundering pollen and honey-deep riches—  
Better be humble, bee. Life's but a jumble, bee—  
Character counts more than black and gold breeches.

## TWO GARDENS

Oh, Mrs. Midas' garden stretches flowery acres wide.  
Its shaded paths, its bloom-filled beds, they are her  
gardener's pride  
And people boast about it throughout the countryside.

Now Mrs. Leary's garden grows on the fire-escape.  
One gaudy red geranium, some herbs of thwarted shape,  
And some morning-glories straggling, set in old tins half  
agape.

Oh Mrs. Midas never sees her flowery treasures gay,  
She doesn't care much for them, and besides, she is  
away,  
But Mrs. Leary cares for hers with tenderness each day.  
So if I like Mrs. Leary's garden better, is it odd?  
For Mrs. Midas' garden is but flowers, and trees, and  
sod.  
But Mrs. Leary's garden is a prayer straight up to God.

RED LILIES

"Those tall red lilies in that bed  
"Must be cut back," my darling said,  
"Too fast they grow, too wide they spread."  
Yet they grow on, and he is dead.

Ah, how it mocks  
My paradox.  
Those lilies red crowd out the phlox  
And straggle through the hedge of box.

Proud lilies, take what spot ye seek.  
I need no fragile flowers, nor meek.  
Your strength upholds when I am weak.  
Somehow, through you, I hear him speak.

WHITE LILACS

A hurried step—a quick call in the night—  
An open door with a pale rift of light—  
Then—"He is gone," they said.  
I looked upon you dead,  
And all that life had been was over, and I felt  
Even as I praying knelt,  
That prayer was useless, and the world was bare  
Of what had made it fair.

Then as I knelt, with heart too wrung for weeping,  
The stealthy dawn came creeping.  
I rose, and silent stepped

Out in the dew where the still garden slept,  
Where near the house, in panicked perfume,  
White lilacs were in bloom.  
I pulled some sprays and brought them to your room.

The lonely years have fled,  
Some lagging, some fast-spiced,  
Since that day-dawn when you I love lay dead,  
Yet I may never see white lilacs in their grace,  
But that I feel  
The cold dawn creeping steal,  
And see that still and unfamiliar face.

### MICHAELMAS DAISIES

Like stars the blossoms one by one  
Burst through a cloud of leafy grey,  
Until beneath September's sun  
There bloomed a flowery Milky Way  
In honor of Saint Michael's day.

## THE POPLAR TREE

Standeth a white poplar tree  
In my garden close  
Shaketh out like banners free  
Its leaves of silver gleams  
Proud it spreadeth while the sun  
Reigns in gold and rose,  
But when that the day is done  
When the pale moon beams,  
Then a thing of mystery  
Portentous and strange  
Groweth the white poplar tree  
Whispereth a tale  
All of hopeless loves long dead  
Of misery and change,  
And houses long untenanted  
Where ghosts walk pale.

## WILDINGS

Anemones and dog-tooth violets!  
I bent above their delicate green shoots  
And dug the clean pale lovely springtime roots  
To plant among my well-loved garden-pets.  
Praise, if you will, larkspurs and mignonettes  
Insistent peonies, and those flaunting brutes  
The hollyhocks! My garden lyre-string mutes  
To hymn the springtide bloom summer forgets.

Timid claytonia in woodland shade,  
The waxen bloodroot in the deep ravine.  
Hepaticas in downy sheaves displayed,  
The brave marsh-marigold with golden sheen,  
Praise your white lilies, chant your rose in bloom,  
But give my gentle wildings garden-room.

### CALM MAY

The fronds of fern uncurl in leafy places,  
The mystic mandrake 'neath its emerald sheaf  
Unfolds its waxen petals leaf on leaf,  
And spring steps forth with calmer-measured paces  
Than when wild April led her bounding feet  
A-dance through wood and meadow, scattering white  
The silken-petalled blossoms in delight,  
And chanting magic o'er the sprouting wheat.  
In this new Earth, revived and greener  
Hope grows assured, passion-wrought fears are  
stilled,  
Old years renew, while youth grows ardor-thrilled,  
And storm-tossed middle years breathe deep of air  
serener.  
Since resurrection thus we yearly see,  
Why need the spirit dread death's mystery?

## MY ADVOCATES

When my soul slips from this its chrysalis  
And turns, half-timid, half-aspiring, where  
There stands beside the Heaven's opening stair  
The angel with the scales, whose duty is  
Through all the rolling ages, only this—  
To weigh and test the myriads summoned there,  
Choosing the souls who chose to seek and dare  
From those who win oblivion's abyss.  
Perhaps when the computer at the gate  
Says: "'Tis a puny soul and lacking weight  
For God's designs"—then those I thought long perished  
Will fling into the balance all their sweetness—  
To countervail my weakness, incompleteness—  
The little souls of all the flowers I cherished.

## THE PAINTER PRAYS

Give me the grace to see life vividly,  
Not through a dimming haze of discontent,  
But all the shining colors newly blent  
Fresh from God's hand—as the first man might see  
In Eden-days, a world of purity  
Dew washed and tinted with hues Heaven sent  
Sifted through mystery the sunbeams lent,  
To rouse man's brutish thoughts to Deity.  
Thus seeing, knowing, then I'll take my brush;  
With reverent care I'll dip the paint, and then  
Try to portray amid the gentle hush  
Of dawn, a world daily remade for men.  
Thus shall my picture worthily live on  
To gladden when this hand and brush are gone.



## UNRELATED SONNETS



## UNRELATED SONNETS

### GARNETS

#### TO MY FATHER

We sat together on the golden sands  
Watching the beryl waters change to grey  
Beneath the wind-blown clouds. In happy play  
We dug the shifting shingle with our hands  
And let the finer grains sift through like strands  
Of chain unfettered. Now and then a ray  
Of crimson through the yellow glittered gay.  
You told me how the garnet rock withstands  
The miner's hammer, but the pounding lake  
Beats on its crystals till they tear and break,  
Yet every fragment keeps its ruby glow.  
(Ah, how the waves of time my life have rent,  
Yet those sweet childish moments with you spent  
Gleam roseate from the happy long ago!)

## THE SHOPKEEPER

You are a traveler from some far city,  
Who, wandering in this unimportant place  
At loss for interest, to my small shop trace  
Your steps, and laughing ask—"What's new and  
pretty?"

I spread my wares. You hum a careless ditty,  
Chat with me for a casual moment's grace  
As eagerly I rifle shelf and case  
To show my all. You gaze, half-smiles, half-pity,  
Then shrugging, "Not today," you turn and leave me.  
"Another time, perhaps." You wander on  
Not dreaming how your quick appraisements grieve me.  
I put my wares away, all comfort gone  
And all my heart is one dull ache of pain.  
I think I shall not show my wares again.

## WESTPORT MORNING

The cobwebs tremble sparkling in the grass,  
A goldfinch loops his song along the air,  
The shadows stretch long fingers everywhere  
Pointing from seaward, whence the cloud wracks pass.  
Beyond the bar the emerald waters scream  
On Half-Mile Rock, and rend themselves in spray.  
The laughing gulls derisive greet the day  
And plume their satin feathers till they gleam.  
The sinister black night has left the shore,  
The lichened rocks bask listening to the bar,  
A lonely bell-buoy clangs from very far  
A tale of seamen who will sail no more,  
But we? Oh, we will live and shout and run,  
Breathe the salt air, and laugh under the sun.

## CINEMATOGRAPH

In pictured pomp across the canvas white  
The silent pageant moves, living and clear;  
Cordelia and her sisters, Kingly Lear,  
Borne on a beam of silver through the night.  
And all dream fabric! Mystic, recondite!  
I gaze with wondering, and half with fear.  
Surely, although no agent hands appear,  
'Tis some great Merlin who controls that light.  
So with your drama, Shakespeare. Each man knows  
The wondrous incandescent figures cast  
On Art's white canvas, where your genius throws  
Those stirring images from out the past,  
While you whose hand controlled the magic spark  
That lit that beauty, still hide in the dark.

## SHOTTERY

The tall blue larkspurs at the garden gate  
Peer up the winding road and o'er the hill,  
Whither from Stratford trudges Poet Will,  
Revolving starry verses in his pate.  
Within the cottage there is one doth wait,  
Whose heart-beats through his early metres thrill.  
She opes the lattice, leans out from the sill,  
The sweetheart Anne, demure, and yet elate.

The noisy motors whirr. The people crowd.  
I rub my eyes. Is the blur dust or tears?  
I see the cottage home all desecrate  
By chattering pilgrims flocking, wondering loud.  
The golden sunrays of three hundred years  
Have tinged the larkspurs blue at that old gate.

## THE SCALES

I walked, methought, a wood of dimlit green  
Where stood an angel holding scales of gold,  
Who said: "A merchant am I. Have bought and sold  
Full many a ware, since every soul I ween  
Has something wished for, something hid unseen  
That he would part with ere the days grow old.  
Come you. I'll buy. With gold dreams manifold  
I'll pay—come sell what bars from life serene."

Then took I my capacity for grief,  
That burden on the golden scales I laid  
Yet my surcharged heart felt no relief,  
And even-hung the golden balance stayed.  
"On the other disc—" the angel merchant smiled—  
"You careless laid your power for joy, my child."

## THE LAMP

In sun-swept India, in the Taj Mahal—  
Vision of fretted marble intricate—  
There hangs, so home-come travellers relate  
When all that orient beauty they recall,  
Forever hanging mid the sacred wall  
A dim sweet lamp to true love consecrate—  
Shining memorial within the gate  
Of loveliness sleeping beneath her pall.  
Deep in the secret temple of my soul  
A lamp is burning, all a topaz gleam,  
Tended and trimmed, in that dim hidden goal,  
Commemorate to the lovely power of dream  
You woke within my life, like April's breath  
O'er sleeping buds,—a dream of life, not death!

## NARCISSUS

I wandered to my sacred garden nook  
And there I found new-blooming at my feet  
A white narcissus, golden crowned and sweet,  
Challenging shyly till I bent and took  
The slender blossom in my hand, to look  
And ponder on its loveliness complete,  
Dreaming of some old tale, half-obsolete,  
Read in my childhood from a Latin book,  
Then a voice whispered: "Perhaps the thing you love  
Is not the man, but your own dream of him.  
Thus do you like to young Narcissus prove,  
Who pined above his image mirrored dim!"  
I answered: "If such beauty fill my dreams  
It proves me worthier of the man he seems."

WHEN THAT I DIE

When that I die no child of this warm heart  
Shall through his pulses carry on my name.  
When that I die and pay brown Earth her claim  
No picture from my brush, no sculptured art,  
Nor song of mine shall make sweet memories start.  
Yet when I close the book, have played the game,  
Though none may praise, please God that none may  
    blame,  
I skipped no page, I played my humble part.

Could I bequeath my life's capacity  
For joy, without the pangs that gave it birth,  
Could I bequeath to those who follow me  
My dumb sense of the beauty of this earth  
As part of man's great tribal memory,  
Then I would know my life had been of worth.

## LE MORTE DARTHUR

“The world is waste,” I said. “And comfortless.  
“Hatred and war have broken all the spell  
“Of magicry, and tolled the solemn knell  
“Of Faërie, and tales of courtliness.”  
Then Malory, in its worn leather dress  
I took your volume from its dusty shelf,  
And, opening its pages, lost myself  
In the quaint spell of ancient Lyonesse.  
Morgan le Fay, Arthur, and Lancelot—  
Tristram and Beale Isoud—Palomides—  
The well-remembered names have lost no jot  
Of their enchantments and their witcheries.  
For one sweet hour all present griefs were barred.  
I breathed the glamourie of Joyous Garde.

# RAIN

SONNETS IN THREE MOODS



## RAIN

### SONNETS IN THREE MOODS

#### I

The rain taps happy rhythms on my roof.  
Close-sheltered, I sit lazily a-trying  
To weave a memory of blue-bells, plying  
A floss-hung needle through a silken woof.  
The busy household hums.—I stay aloof  
Harkening the rain, and listening to the flying  
March winds through yet unbudded trees a-sighing  
In eerie notes, like some low-moaned reproof.  
Alas, what right have I to warmth and shelter  
And silken comfort, when the rain is falling?  
While you amid the carnage and the welter  
Must daily face war's countenance appalling?  
And yet I dream I see you smile again  
Thinking of me, safe sheltered from the rain!

## II

I walked for hours today through windy mist  
And rain, in copse, ravine, and fairy dingle,  
Searching with eager eyes and blood a-tingle  
For that frost-woven star of amethyst  
We call hepatica.—The spring had kissed  
Some twenty into bloom.—Now by the ingle  
Where fading day and flickering firelight mingle  
In homely comfort I am keeping tryst.  
My flowery treasures in the blue-glazed chalice  
We bought together, you remember when?  
Are gathered in a delicate display.  
Yet through my dream there creeps with cruel malice  
A sorry thought of you and all your men—  
I wonder if it rained in France today!

## III

All the day long the gaunt grey rain has dripped  
Monotonous, one long disturbing note  
Upon the roof, and on my heart it smote  
Like spattering lead on flesh some wound had stripped  
Of all protection. With my thoughts tight-gripped,  
As drowning sailors frantic clutch a boat,  
So I in memories perilously afloat  
Have reached and clung, by stinging torment whipped.  
For oh, last night I dreamt of some far place  
Where with a throng I waited till you came.  
You looked at me with unremembering face,  
You had forgotten, did not speak my name,  
And now, awake, I still can feel the pain,—  
And all these long, long hours, the rain,—the rain.



**OVERSEAS**

**FIVE SONNETS**



## OVERSEAS

### FIVE SONNETS

#### I

Throughout my garden sound the happy cries  
Of mother birds encouraging their young.  
In nearby woods a questing dog gives tongue  
Half-heartedly, the while his quarry flies  
Out from the thicket to the free-winged skies,  
While on the breeze's odorous breath outflung  
The purple pennons of the phlox are hung  
To lure the golden-pinioned butterflies.  
All Nature seems with kindliness asmile.  
The slow white clouds drift still above my head,  
The shrill cicada's drone is quiet,—then  
The soft peace shatters in a moment, while  
I shudder at the thought of war-crazed men,  
And you perhaps in the grim trenches, dead!

## II

You do not know, dear love, how all the day  
You have been with me 'neath October's blue  
And gold. We walked the rustling pathway through  
The meadow, still sweet-scented from the hay,  
While furtive azure gentians watching lay  
Shy-eyed, half-hidden where the deep grass grew,  
And you have talked to me and I to you  
Answered, all tender things I wished to say.  
And now I sit beside the birchwood fire,  
Knowing my happiness was but a play  
Of fancy, fed by longing and desire,  
For you are near a hemisphere away.  
Yet God may grant this very night I too  
May keep some distant vigil, love, with you.

## III

Could I be sure that we have dreams for tryst,  
Who am bereft of tender memories,  
Then might my sorrow win a little ease.  
The mills of suffering give no kindly grist  
Out of the past, of moments rapture-kissed,  
Nor gentle lover's talk like melodies,  
Nor any of the haunting ecstasies  
Of youthful dreams, rose-hued and amethyst.  
Not even dreams! And yet sometimes when I  
Rise at day-dawn and gaze out through the keen  
Fresh glimmer of the coming of the morn,  
You seem beside me, tangent though unseen,—  
Air is all vibrance with your voice,—ah why  
If love is all for naught, must it be born?

## IV

Last night we gathered round the open fire.  
Fierce winds without went wailing, but within  
A girl with an enchanted violin  
Challenged the gale at music's wild desire!  
When winds and strings alike had ceased to quire  
Friendship's communing spirit entered in.  
We spoke of all great arts to music kin  
And how great words high harmonies inspire.

Then someone reverently spoke your name  
Praising the living mystery of your art,  
And all my being bloomed into a flame  
And fiery roses blossomed in my heart,—  
But I who knew you, loved you, only heard  
Dumb—powerless to praise you with a word.

## V

Not that you ever loved me, but because  
You so loved her, I came to know at length  
What love could mean in all its nobler strength.  
Ah, did you dream that you were making laws  
For love's high conduct? Or that one short pause  
On your life's journey touched this life of mine  
Like spark to unlit tinder,—like divine  
Flame that consumes all earthly faults and flaws?  
Yes! You have set me standards that control  
Like rhythms of splendid music, through the days,  
My aspirations, hopes in open ways,  
My secret doubts, and all my heart's dim hollows,—  
Through life, through death, and heaven or hell that  
follows—  
The throbbing time-beats of my marching soul.



DIM HAVENS



## DIM HAVENS

### BOATS

I launch my tiny boats of song,  
I watch them drift away  
Like flower-petals scattered by the breeze  
On the blue sparkling water.

I put my dreams into small boats of words.

The cargoes are of fragile stuff, my friends.  
Some must make quick havens.  
If they voyage far  
The hold will be found empty—  
What was there  
Will long have vanished into the salt wind.

And yet, perhaps,  
Some few of these small boats  
May journey very far  
And bring their little cargoes home to port  
In safety.

Who knows but one—  
The one I'm launching now  
May reach you, you afar.  
In that dim haven I may never reach.

## PORT O' THE MOON

Down the still ways my boat of thought adrift,  
Slips from its moorings through a misty light—  
Nebulous, elfin, like some floating rift  
That Dian tears in fabric of the night.  
Ripples of magic lap the shallop's side,  
Wavelets of that great sea so deeply fraught  
With wondercurrents, surging from the wide  
Fathomless ocean of eternal thought.  
White, white, the moonpath through that mighty sea,  
On, on the current bears me to the croon  
Of one long ceaseless low sea-melody  
Toward my far-distant harbor, Port o' the Moon.

What shall I find when the far haven's won?  
Old dreams made new? Or things outside my dreams?  
Shall I but drift, the wonder never done,  
Never attaining where that beacon gleams?  
What does it matter since the sea is wide  
And magical, bearing its argosies  
Of mighty galleons that stem the tide  
Bound for Atlantis or the Pleiades.  
Even these so free, so proud, with outspread sail  
May never make their harbors, late or soon.  
Need I then murmur if my frail barque fail  
To reach the glimmering beacon, Port o' the Moon?

## THE SOMNAMBULIST

Along the ways of men, with look unseeing  
  Though open-eyed, she walks, but never hears  
Like secret bells within her inmost being  
The ceaseless call of unaccomplished years;  
  Nor ever lingers  
  To dip her fingers  
In Life's deep pool of soul-awakening tears.  
  
Plaint stirs her not, and threat is unavailing,  
  Her soul drifts on, unballasted by fears,  
Like some dim ship too far away for hailing;  
The joy, the passion of her life's compeers  
  Cannot awaken,  
  With heart unshaken  
She greets their pleading with unheeding ears.  
  
She smiles a gentle smile of unperforming,  
  For her no duty drives, no passion sears,  
No charity can stir her heart to warming—  
Unvigilant, the dangerous gulf she nears,  
  Will she rouse never?  
  But dreaming ever,  
Fare, unaware, into strange other spheres?

## DIRGE

Tread light, step soft, stir not a leaf.  
Dig but a little space  
Under the loam, for my last home  
In some dim forest place.

Beneath the mosses and the deep  
Green shade the branches weave,  
Lay me away at break of day  
And linger not to grieve.

But sing that little foolish song  
You sang when life was new,  
Before the hour when all the flower  
Of love had lost its dew.

And I shall lie in splendid sleep,  
And smile beneath the dew.  
I'll change old grief to flower and leaf,  
And bloom again for you.

### RESURGAM

To my father

If they are right who claim that after Death,  
To Nature's humbler types we shall return,  
I only ask that the same spring-tide's breath  
May find us side by side, as flower or fern.

If they are right whose more ambitious way  
Claims that to higher types we upward trend,  
Oh wait for me, who hampered by this clay  
Fear that too far beyond you may ascend.

Yet these philosophies can never sweep  
From out my thoughts those childlike hopes of fair  
Green meadows where you wait, your eyes all deep  
With longing, unfulfilled, till I am there.

“LES BARRICADES MYSTÉRIEUSES”

(Written after hearing the Chicago Orchestra play the  
piece of music by this name)

Everywhere barriers, barriers for me.  
No path is free.

Sometimes I wander for long  
Through alleys of sunshine and song,  
Till the chords of my heart chime a hymn  
Exultant and loud,  
When through the bright air floats a dim  
Nebulous cloud  
That deepens and darkens  
Till my waiting soul harkens  
To voices of warning that cry “Come no nearer, this  
pathway is barred.”

Everywhere barriers, barriers touch me,  
Reaching hands clutch me.

No longer treading through sunny green alleys  
With spirit unshrinking and vision unclouded,  
But searching black valleys through great mists of  
dreading  
My soul's eyes go blinking, in terror enshrouded.

I stare through the air. What is it I fear?  
All seems splendid and clear.  
(A nameless  
Unfathomable terror,

A gripping of error  
In a world all gone wrong, nor my spirit held blame-  
less.)

What are these barricades  
At which my purpose fades?

Spider-spun filaments stretch where I'm trending,  
Paths once unending  
End sharp for me.  
Gossamer threads have turned tentacles strangling.  
My nerves go jangling  
At some unthinkable vision of mystery,  
Some cup undrinkable, brimmed like a history  
With all bitter dregs of mankind's past quaffings  
Is held with grim laughings  
Up to my lips.  
Then I turn back again  
Knowing I lack again  
Strength to face gallantwise  
All my high enterprise  
Now in eclipse.

Barriers, barriers everywhere.  
In common ways, in the breath of air.  
Uncertainty besets. I am controlled  
By that which bids me ever unconsolated.  
Uncomforted, go seeking  
For some mute thing—unspeaking—  
Inconclusive, at the first touch illusive—

Aware and yet unheeding,  
Alert, ever receding  
Beyond my outstretched hand,—  
Until bereft of hoping  
With futile fingers groping  
At the last step I stand  
To meet once more the eternal barricades  
At whose impact the mortal purpose fades.

### FRAMEWORK

Across the west one crimson streak glows bright  
Below the grey-hung falling curtain of the night.

Against that fading beauty, in its girdered might  
Stands forth a phantom dome,  
Iron-ribbed, majestic, mystic in the sunset.  
Some day in carven stone and painted glass,  
Rich woods and silken trappings  
And all the panoply of ritualled faith,  
A great cathedral it will stand complete.  
But now?  
Oh now it rises, starkly beautiful;  
Foundation, walls, and swelling bubble-dome,  
The understructure, promise of to-come,  
Gaunt, roofless, but how strong!

Faith of my fathers! So I think of thee!  
Iron-ribbed, and mighty in thy majesty.

I see thee standing, staunch and undismayed  
Amid the turmoil of a travailing world.  
Against the background, roseate, vanishing,  
Of sweet beliefs, and superstitions quaint  
That fade into the twilit afterglow.  
Although we deck thy form with gilt and gauds  
And foolish trappings that disguise thy state,  
Beneath our trivialities you loom  
Tremendous and eternal.  
So great we scarcely see you, for our eyes  
Are caught with images, lights, hosts of things  
Of little value to the mind or soul.

Serene and changeless, in thy noble might  
Our fathers' faith, loom larger through the night !

## THE WAY

Man's roadways span our planet's girth,  
He charts the sea from pole to pole,  
But there's no sextant upon earth  
For orientation of the soul.

Purposeless, derelict for years,  
Like seaweed broken from its stem  
We drift, unless the spirit steers  
By the Star that shone o'er Bethlehem.

## AUTUMNAL INTERMEZZI



## AUTUMNAL INTERMEZZI

### Three sonnets

#### I

The hours fall slowly, like the dying leaves  
November oaks loose hesitatingly  
As though each brown shred held a memory  
Of new-born magic that the springtime weaves.  
And I? Out of the past my thought retrieves  
Those ancient symbols, beauty's legacy  
Left to her dreamers, men like you and me,  
Whom progress tears and alteration grieves.  
Why, when the old gods were so free to bless  
Those habitations of the spirit, hid  
Today in dust of doubt and wretchedness,  
Do we desert them? Still the Pyramid  
Towers o'er the desert of our common things,  
And the Sphinx ponders on her vanished kings.

## II

The clouds drift in a tumult, and the air  
Quivers and trembles in a rushing stream.  
Everywhere motion breaking through my dream,  
The pulses of progression everywhere  
I turn my eyes, save where I scarcely dare  
To look for fear a backward glance might seem  
To prove my craven spirit still could deem  
The past transcendent, and the future bare.  
And what if bare? I shake old hamper off!  
My emptiness?—It leaves me only free  
To hold the finer vision. Do you scoff  
That I yet hope the vision may come to me?  
Nay, my serenity shall not abate.  
Failing the vision, still the hope is great!

## III

I front the great horizon, free in act  
To face the sun,—now that bewildering grace  
Of bloom and leaf and fruit, that screened his face  
In shimmering beauty, can no more distract  
My thought from him, the great illuming fact  
Ranging beyond this quickening pushing-race  
Of Earth-types, struggling for some vantage-place  
Whence best his strange compulsions to refract.  
And though it is his setting rays I see,  
Who, but for earth-charmed eyes had earlier caught  
His glory while it beamed from zenith height,—  
Yet have I faith, although he fades from sight,  
That all on earth I cherished, yearned for, sought,  
In flame-clear lucency shall dawn for me.



TO MY LITTLE FRIENDSHIPS  
AMONG CHILDREN,  
DOGS AND BIRDS



TO MY LITTLE FRIENDSHIPS AMONG  
CHILDREN, DOGS AND BIRDS

TO GLORIA

Some day, when you are old, and wondering  
Just how you looked in childhood's lovely spring,  
Then read these words of your first blossoming,  
Upon a day when first I saw you stand  
With one blue stalk of hyacinth in your hand  
And the same color deepened and repeated  
Within your wondering eyes  
Where childhood's vague surprise  
At life unsolvable lay still deep-seated.

Your face was like the wood anemone  
Whose paleness is not pale, because the Spring  
Kisses its cheek while it is flowering  
Into a downy-flushing witchery.

Your hair had all the lustre that comes glinting  
In fairy pennies, new-sprung from the minting,  
But it had twined itself in loving hands .  
Until it hung in rings  
Of golden treasure, such as ancient kings  
Fought for in far-off lands.

How can I tell you what your lips were like ?  
Oh childish mouth, with inexperience  
A still unbudded flower upon your lips !  
Tears fill my eyes to think how Time's eclipse

Must dim your radiance  
And grief and disappointment sometime strike  
Away that look of joyous innocence.  
Ah little girl! Why cannot childhood stay?  
Would that the years could keep you as today!  
Yet will I pray that as these beauties fade  
From that sweet body God and love have made  
They shall come shining and reflowering through  
Future far years, in that sweet soul of you!

### HER PATTERN

(“Pattern is a Gypsy word for the trail of leaves and grasses which the Gypsies leave along the road to show which way they have passed.)

A Bible entry: “Born. A girl.”  
A knitted shoe, a golden curl,  
A woolly lamb, gay-colored blocks,  
Some wee worn garments in a box.

Some dog-eared books, a pair of skates,  
Old photographs of all her mates,  
Boarding-school letters full of jokes  
And “love to all the dear home-folks.”

A glove, a programme from a dance,  
A rose pressed in an old romance,  
A rain of rice across the hall,  
Tears on my cheeks,—and that is all.

TO MY LITTLE GODDAUGHTER

Dear child, I looked at you tonight,  
A black-haired, slender slip in white,  
And thought how, years ago I too,  
Was a girl graduate like you,  
Just setting out upon new ways  
From the familiar school-house days.

I laughed and talked, to hide a tear,  
It won't be always fun, my dear,  
For life holds problems, harder far,  
To solve than Mathematics are,  
And more insistent tasks, it seems,  
Then reading stars, or writing themes.

Yet as my retrospective gaze  
Looks down the pathway of old days,  
I realize that with the tasks  
Comes strength to bear, if one but asks.  
So let no future fears affright,  
Be just a happy child tonight.

VAIN IMAGININGS

I'd like to sit out in the rain, and play at being poor,  
Like children without any homes, it's pleasant I am sure.  
But when I try my mother just drags me in the door  
'And makes me put my tongue out, and takes my  
temperature.

## LAISSEZ VIVRE

I wouldn't tread on angle-worms out on the pavement  
    wet,  
I cannot bear the poor dead mice when the kitchen trap  
    is set.  
I love each living creature, I'm sorry when it dies;  
Yet I'm pleased when Mother gives me a cent for killing  
    flies.

## BATHROOM RULES

The child who would his mother please  
Will learn these simple rules with ease.

Don't let the soap swim like a fish  
But keep it neatly in its dish.

Don't leave wet towels on the floor  
But spread them neat when bath is o'er.

When you have finished with the tub  
Give it a rinsing and a rub.

When bathing o'er, to bed you go  
Turn out the light, or leave it low,

Then to the one whose bath comes next  
You'll furnish no sad warning text.

A BOY'S STUDIES

His teacher's heart is like to break  
In sheer discouragement and pain,  
When in geography he'll make  
Mistakes again, and yet again.  
(He's sailing in a ship with Drake  
Across the foaming Spanish Main!)

Although he "stays in" afternoons  
Trying to do what he is bid,  
He fails to grasp those useful boons  
Which in arithmetic lie hid.  
(He's busy counting gold doubloons  
Beside the pirate, Captain Kidd!)

In history his slow wits lag,  
Although his keener mates deride.  
His dates are wrong, his answers drag,  
It does not help a bit to chide.  
(He's fighting 'neath the White-cross flag  
At Richard Lion-heart, his side!)

## SPRING COMES TO MONTREAL

At home the red-breast's happy note  
Carols of promised flowers,  
The blue-bird soon will swell his throat  
Singing 'mid April's showers.

But here the wintry frosts abide,  
The sleigh-bells jingle gay  
The great drifts cloak the mountain side  
Will it be ever May?

The river wind blows bleak and chill  
Down from some frozen sea,  
There's ne'er a hint of daffodil  
To cheer this heart of me.

But wait, what's that? A note I hear  
Of voices gay and free.  
Children are playing somewhere near  
And shouting merrily.

"Fen! It's my turn!" Oh, welcome noise,  
My heart swells in a trice!  
It *is* the spring, for little boys  
Play marbles *on the ice!*

NOW YOU ARE GROWN

(To R. W. P.)

Now you are grown, my little lad,  
Your mother's hands are empty quite.  
Too long the days! Too short the night  
That brings her dreams of what she's had!

She knows it's foolish to be sad.  
You can't stay always in her sight  
Now you are grown.

And truly, boy, her heart is glad  
That you have grown to manhood's height  
With honor clean, and record white.  
Please God you always shun the bad,  
Now you are grown!

THE STAR

(Nursery rhyme for twentieth century children)

I

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Down eddying depths of ether hurled  
Into a wonder smitten world  
It flingeth sharp staccato gleams,  
(Like unrelenting dreams)

Till it pierceth straight and stark,  
Pitiless through the dark,  
The spirit's inertia to its core,  
And leaveth it prey to wonder evermore.

## II

How I wonder what you are.

That spirit, ever questing, yearneth.  
Of the star's substance somewhat learneth,—  
With glass and measuring rod and probe  
It wresteth knowledge from this globe,  
And with strange beating engines flieth,  
To pierce aerial secrets, trieth—  
With computations variform  
Chemics, reductions to the norm,  
Strange prestidigitatings mathematical  
And mouthings of the physic laws emphatical—  
To prophecy the cosmic storm.  
Computeth birth of suns, death of the spheres,  
The comet's course bright errant through the years,  
Doth minify to some dull rule of three  
The vague coherence of the nebulae,  
And yet despite this knowledge, reacheth to that wall  
Beyond whose pale men are as children all.  
And crieth, balked at last: "Could I but understand  
Who madeth star, and holdeth in His hand."

## THE LESSER MARTYRS

I had a dream : there stretched a heavenly plain  
Where all the mighty hosts of the "Te Deum"  
Went marching past me, chanting to the Lord.  
They trooped, that band of all the martyred men  
Who died for God and Faith, a goodly throng !  
Then followed after them another band  
Of those who died to save their fellow-men.  
My heart beat high with reverence at the sight.  
"Oh Holy Ones," I cried, "Bless even me  
Unworthy kneeling in the dusty road."  
Even as I cried there leapt from out the throng  
A shaggy dog who fawned and licked my hand.  
Then did I see how, near these marching saints  
There ran, and leapt, and crept a myriad beasts,  
Dogs of all kinds, mice, white and grey and pied,  
Monkeys and guinea-pigs, and cats and rats,  
Frisking along, all enmities forgot,  
Beside the pathway of these reverend saints !  
At first I smiled. It seemed a thing grotesque  
That these quaint beasts should join this holy throng,  
Running and leaping in the air for joy !  
Then I did cease my smiling, for I heard  
How, as with cries and barks they joined the song  
The saints were singing, all their squealing notes  
And chattering undertones blent in a whole  
Harmonious chant of praise. They sang their part !  
  
Then saw I good St. Francis standing near  
Conversing with his little friends the birds  
Who chattered joyous as they fluttered low  
Alighting on his shoulders and his hands.

He seemed less stern than any other saint  
And so I asked him: "Good Saint Francis, tell  
Who are these many little beasts I see,  
Dogs, monkeys, guinea-pigs, and rats and mice,  
Marching so merrily with the grave saints?"

Then he made answer: "These have rightful place.  
They are the lesser martyrs, nameless ones,  
Who have fulfilled Our Saviour's words Who said  
'A greater love hath no man proved than this  
That for his friend his life should be laid down.'  
These humble creatures, each and all of them,  
Have at His bidding laid their little lives  
Upon the altar-stone for Man, their friend.  
In pain unspoken, agonies unguessed  
They died, a thousand deaths that men might live.  
Vain were beseeching looks and broken cries,  
Men had decreed their torture, so they bled.  
The dogs have been man's friends since time began,  
Have followed, trusted, helped and guarded him,  
Accompanied his hunts, protected homes,  
And barked with welcoming joy at his approach.  
Then of the dog was asked the final gift,  
To suffer, suffer in a living death  
Weeks, months maybe or years if in the end  
Some cure were learned to save the children's lives.

These cats and monkeys too have felt the knife,  
And known fierce tremors, and deep gnawing pain,  
In order that the children should be spared  
Like pains and tremors and the grip of death.  
Now 'tis decreed that in the martyr band  
These little humble servants too shall walk,

Because they suffered greatly for great things!  
They leap and gambol, sport along the way,  
Feeding on food celestial, drinking deep  
From waters sweet of everlasting youth:  
Forever young and strong and vigorous,  
Forever to our Lord raising their cries  
Which, though men call them unmelodious,  
Are sweet to Him who gave these notes to them.  
Evermore therefore cry they praise to God  
Swelling this anthem through Eternity:  
"We, all the myriad band of martyr beasts  
Who gave our lives for others, cry aloud  
In praise unending, joy without surcease,  
'We too adore Thee. Holy, Holy, Lord.' "

#### "SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"

Shall fourteen friendly years go unrecorded?  
Years of obedience, when you faithful guarded  
Our house and garden, kept these purlieus ratless,  
And did your little best to make them catless.  
Never a growl or snarl, even when I hurt you,  
Never a roving night. All doggy virtue  
Marked your life's doings. Can my mind unheeding  
Forget your hinting paw-taps, or the pleading  
Of your bright eyes for sugar, walks, or petting,  
(Your little special joys). Am I forgetting  
The patient hours and days when you watched quiet  
Beside my bed, ignoring boney diet  
And proffered rat-hunts, lest perchance your Missis  
Might stretch a hand and lack your moist, kind kisses?  
Nay, little vanished friend, I can't forget you.  
And Heaven, for me, must have a place to pet you.

## PRAYER TO ST. FRANCIS

St. Francis, take the spirit of this bird  
Into your shelter; keep it safe and warm  
And whistle to it softly. Speak a word  
Of kindness; let it perch upon your arm.

For know, kind saint, this little vanished joy  
Was wont to flutter welcoming each day  
To greet me, a gay feathered flower, half-coy—  
Half-bold, and now that joy has flown away.

The crimson beak, the rainbow wings are still.  
Silent the tiny heart that beat so strong.  
Beside the fountain, 'neath the daffodil  
Sleeps the wee husk that held that ardent song.

So kind St. Francis, smile not at my woe.  
God lets no sparrow unrecorded go.

## BABY PARADE

If you wake feeling grouchy some cold winter morn,  
Out of key with the world, and not glad that you're  
born,  
Just don't go to business, at least before noon,  
Let me show you instead what will put you in tune.  
'Tis a gay little pageant that's daily displayed  
A-marching on Sherbrooke, the Baby Parade.

There are nannas from England so rosy and sleek,  
There are neat bonnes from Paris, quite dashing and  
chic,

There are nurseys from Scotland, and Erin the green,  
All be-cloaked, and be-capped, and all good to be seen,  
Each keeping her troop in surveillance complete  
During Baby Parade, upon Sherbrooke Street.

In vain may the cabman wink, ogle and stare,  
And mounted policemen be gay, debonnair,—  
The nurses on duty give never a glance,  
Their wee charges lead them too merry a dance.  
There's no time for sweethearting, I am afraid,  
These mornings, on Sherbrooke, at Baby Parade.

There are sledges, and go-carts and neat-varnished  
prams,

Each holding its quota of babies, the lambs.  
While marching beside come the next older scions  
Trudging sturdy and valiant, and bold as young lions,  
Quite dauntless to cope with all dangers they meet  
During Baby Parade, upon Sherbrooke Street.

There are kiddies with blue eyes and eyes like the sloe,  
With brown curls and chestnut, gold, flaxen and tow,  
And saucily perched on each dear little head  
Is a warm woolly tuque, of blue or of red,  
To match the wee mittens and leggings displayed  
By these jaunty young marchers in Baby Parade.

Riding safely in state with their owners you'll see  
Woolly lambs, Teddy Bears, and dolls of degree,

While Caesar and Tou Tou go marching beside  
Tails wagging devotion, throats bursting with pride,  
As they bark their defiance at strange dogs they meet  
Who would join these paraders on Sherbrooke Street.

The air's all a-babble with laughter and fun.  
The skies may be grey, but you'll think there's a sun.  
The street seems agleam when these small girls and boys  
Come marching your way with their laughter and noise.  
They can banish the darkest cloud ever was made,  
And sad hearts grow light during Baby Parade.

### "HAPPY-GO-LUCKY"

I smile, albeit with tears, to see him there,  
My little dog, with faithful eyes upraised,  
Hopeful of petting, yearning to be praised,  
Or feel my touch upon his glossy hair.  
He listens every word with anxious care.  
His look with striving love grows fairly dazed,  
And when he hears his name he goes half-crazed  
With joy, and quivering bounds into the air.  
How like, how very like to man is he.  
Man too goes questing, spirit ever stirred.  
The rifting cloud, the sunlight on a tree,  
A baby's smile, could solve his mystery—  
But man has not your faith, my dog. You heard  
And knew your master. Man still waits the word!

## EXERCISES IN VARIED MEASURES

Dialect, Translations, and Conscious Imitations



## EXERCISES IN VARIED MEASURES

### CARE—THE GNOME

(Double Triolet)

While Care, the gnome, is sitting  
At ease within my room,  
All pleasant thoughts go flitting  
While Care, the gnome is sitting,  
Penance and tears seem fitting,  
And shaded lamps and gloom,  
While Care the gnome is sitting  
At ease within my room!

When Joy, the elf, comes scampering  
Up my dull attic stair  
All duties seem but hampering,  
When Joy, the elf, comes scampering,  
Penance and morbid pampering  
Fade into sunny air,  
When Joy the elf comes scampering  
Up my dull attic stair!

### WHEN PRIMROSE SMILES

(Rondel)

When primrose smiles from banks of green  
With heart of glowing sun-caught sheen,  
When the first blue-birds sing, and far  
And near the sweet wood-violets are,—  
I look at you amazed, Bettine!

What—what I wonder,—can you mean,  
In petulant, though pretty, spleen,  
Your forehead with such frowns to mar!  
When Primrose Smiles!

Do you not know, my heart's true queen,  
That when your charms you thus bemean,  
'Tis like black clouds that come to bar  
The radiance of the evening star?  
Look up—and kiss me! Love's serene  
When Primrose Smiles!

## SPRING IN THE GARDEN

(Rhyme Royal)

The springtime spearsmen leap from out the ground  
Flaunting their crocus banners, purple, gold.  
A gorgeous cardinal cleaves the air with sound,  
Herald of sun, who conquers winter's cold.  
Oh, miracle that never can grow old!  
You change dead frosty grey to budding green,  
And sweep my spirit's corners golden clean.

The waxen cups of bloodroots pierce the leaves.  
Snowdrops are almost done. The scilla's blue  
Reflects the bluebird's feathers and bereaves  
The wintry sky of its ethereal hue.  
A robin with his new made nest in view,  
Sings his old song, inestimably dear,  
Of "Sursum corda! Lo, the spring is here!"

## FOUR MERRY MEN

(Ballad)

Four merry men came riding forth,  
From East, and West, and South and North.

None would tell his lady's name  
But lo! Their lady, she was the same!

They strove for her gifts, together, apart;  
Her eyes, her hands, her lips, and her heart.

To the man from the North she gave her glance,  
To the man from the West her hand in a dance.

The man from the East a kiss did reap,  
And the man from the South, her soul to keep.

The North, for a glance (they tell to me),  
Gave her his soul for eternity.

West for her hand gave a knightly kiss,  
East, for her lips, but a glance amiss.

The man from the South took her soul (they say)  
Handled it lightly and flung it away!

A moral there is which we all can touch;  
Love gives much for little, and little for much!

## THE JAPANESE GOLDFISH SAUCES THE STATUARY \*

I see you there outside, so tall and white.  
 A grey old man bends down to read your name;  
 "Spear-bearer, probably of Dorian fame,  
 In ash-swept old Pompeii brought to light."  
 I flitter and I flare,—in, out, of sight.  
 Behind the emerald sea-fern, wild and tame  
 By turns, a living gem of opal flame,  
 With two great streaming silver tails bedight.  
 Pooh for you, Dorian! I'm alive! I go  
 Darting through splendid bubbly depths of green  
 While thousand laughing children pass, aglow  
 With loving rapture of my shimmering sheen!  
 I frisk my prettiest for them in the sun!  
 None of them marks you, Dorian! No, not one!

\* At this time the aquarium was temporarily housed in the hall of statues in the Chicago Art Institute.

## I DREAM OF SOFT VERSES

(Song suggested by some lines of Albert Samain's "*Je reve des vers doux mourant comme des roses.*")

There are hearts that are patient to build day by day  
 From the dust of despair and the tears of their woes  
 Figurines of delight of that pitiful clay,—  
 I dream of soft verses that die like the rose.

There are souls who are sturdy at launching their  
 dreams  
 Like great galleons of oak-timber, challenging foes  
 To the waves of oblivion and fates lightning gleams,—  
 I dream of soft verses that die like the rose.

There are spirits that toil for a fame that shall stand  
Like the great granite sphinx in eternal repose  
While the temporal whirls round her head, as the  
sand,—

I dream of soft verses that die like the rose.

For clay it shall crumble and timber decay  
And the granite grow featureless through the sand's  
doom,

But new roses grow from the old every day,—  
Perhaps from my dead songs new red songs may  
bloom.

## HILL-VOICES

### I

Up high on the hill  
It is quiet and holy.  
The High Gods brood still  
O'er the lives of the lowly.

If ye list ye will learn  
All of life, all of death,  
From the brown-rippling burn  
From the pines' whispering breath.

But the High Gods speak low,  
And the world's voice is loud;  
Few the message can know  
In the clash of the crowd.

## II

Up higher and higher  
The hill-paths ascend  
Through heather and briar  
With skies at their end.

Toil, Man, to the summit.  
Climb the high rock alone,  
Gaze fearlessly from it—  
A king on his throne!

The cloud is thy beaker  
Think not of the sod.  
Quaff deeply, oh Seeker,  
The vintage of God!

## III

Not long taste the rapture  
Of Heaven's clear flask,  
Let the lowlands recapture  
Thy soul to its task.

A murmur comes stealing  
Through the pines in the glen  
Like a sad anthem pealing,  
The voices of men!

With spirit grown bolder  
Descend to the plain,  
And lift to thy shoulder  
Life's burden again.

SEA-LONGING

Flower o' the lowland where honey-bees cluster,  
Flower o' the highland which scents the cool breeze,  
Flower o' the meadow with sunshiny lustre,  
Flower o' the deep woods in shade o' the trees,  
Sweet, ye are sweet,  
When my senses ye greet  
Breathing the peace of my calm inland home,  
Yet my hearts frets  
For it never forgets  
Tang o' the sea-weed and scent o' the foam!  
Wind o' the field, with scent o' the clover,  
Wind o' the forest with cool breath o' fern,  
Wind o' the hills where the dark pines climb over,  
Wind o' the low lake where hides the blue hern,  
Sweet, ye are sweet  
When my senses ye greet  
Bringing me balm in the breath of your wings,  
Yet my heart frets  
For it never forgets  
Salt wind of ocean that's biting, and stings.

GATHERING MALLOWS \*

Past detaining lily-pads, past the ripening rushes,  
Push your little boat my lads where the orchis blushes,  
Where the stems of cardinal flare like red rods of  
warning,  
Where the arum, silver-fair, opens to the morning.

---

\* On the Desplaines River, in the early nineties.

Just beyond the cat-tail's bound, there among the  
sallows,  
There's the spot where they are found, tall and won-  
drous mallows.  
Rooted deep in river slime, secret, hidden long,  
Give them light and air and time, then they bloom to  
song.  
Leaves of maple, copper stems, buds of emerald lustre,  
Like a branch of rose-lit gems how the blossoms cluster.  
See the silken petals lift, pink as baby's fingers,  
Crimson heart where still a drift of silver pollen lingers.  
Lads let's leave them at their best, in their stately  
growing  
Where the marsh-wren builds her nest, by the river  
flowing.  
Let no wanton fingers harsh those sweet branches sever,  
Then shall mallows of the marsh grow in memory ever.

## BALLADE OF YOUTH AND LOVE

(With apologies to Henley)

Every maid has her golden day,  
Once in her life each girl's a rose.  
Lads in their teens are easy prey  
When the young blood bounding goes.  
Joan's black eyes will win the beaux,  
Peggy can net them with her hair,  
Phyllis will win with a graceful pose—  
Love is a fowler, youth's a snare.

Nell is a maid who's always gay,  
Poll's plump arm a dimple shows,  
Chloe's clever, so they say,  
Freckled Jill wears silken hose!  
Evelyn twirls on graceful toes,  
Phoebe's cooking is something rare,  
Prue's so sweet, and how well she sews,  
Love is a fowler, youth's a snare.

Grace with her gold all debts can pay,  
Susan's song lulls to a doze,  
Cora's courage abounding aye  
Will help a fellow to best his foes.  
Lucy's lovely, goodness knows,  
Jane's coquettish, have a care;  
Flats loom large, and bungalows.  
Love is a fowler, youth's a snare.

Lads unless you run away  
You'll be taken unaware.  
Made to cherish and obey—  
Love is a fowler, youth's a snare.

UPON BEING ASKED THE NAME OF MY  
FAVORITE POETESS

If I give answer true, pray do not frown.  
I hail the poetess of infancy,  
A singing Shakespeare of her sex was she  
A humble Homer in a homespun gown.  
Dwelling long years ago in Boston Town  
She garnered lore of great simplicity,  
Nonsense, so-called, yet more than that to me  
Since wise she seems to childhood, prince or clown.  
From Sappho's day to that of Amy L——  
I find her matchless, cannot praise the half  
Her gifts, nor dare my fountain black unloose  
Rightly to pen her worth whom I love well!  
I'll name her quickly—prithee friend don't laugh,—  
That fine free faultless Phoenix, Mother Goose!

THE ELM-TREE SHADES

(Rondel)

The elm-tree shades in Phillips Square  
Have sheltered more than passers know,  
Who linger in the paths below  
To rest from noon-tide's sweltering glare.  
Close hidden from the casual stare  
An empty nest is swinging where  
The elm-tree shades.

Safe winging through the upper air,  
Southward the happy orioles go,  
Parents and young, aflame, aglow  
Leaving behind, without a care  
The elm-tree shades.

(The king would love it well, I trow,  
That tall straight trunk with branches fair—  
The elm-tree shades!)

(The City Fathers of Montreal cut down several noble trees in the heart of the city, in order to give passers-by an unobstructed view of the statue of King Edward!)

## WHAT OF THE MOON?

Sunlight you speak of, dear. Sunlight and laughter,  
Ripple of waters and splendor of noon.  
What of calm evenings, and night-shadows after?  
What of the moon, love? What of the moon?

Have you forgotten the nights when we wandered  
Silent and wistful? Forgotten so soon?  
Was it for nothing our Maytime we squandered?  
What of the moon, love? What of the moon?

Tell me no more of the gold-garish sunlight.  
Give our love's memory only this boon—  
Tell of your hours in the white light, the one light—  
What of the moon, love? What of the moon?

## THE FIRST VISIT

"And what would be that green shore?" I was askin',  
I was cryin'

"That's stretchin' out to eastwards, sloping backwards  
from the sea,

"With its brown rocks reachin' outwards where the  
breakers are a-sighin'

"With the low clouds hangin' over where the curlews  
are repyin'

"To a question I have dreamed of in a far country."

Then 'twas one made laughin' answer, tho' the tears  
stood in his lashes,

" 'Tis a country you should know, girl, or I doubt those  
black-fringed eyes.

"Some serve her with loud shoutin', with paradin',  
drums, and sashes,

"And some serve her lyin' quiet, with their bodies cut  
in gashes,

"And some there be can only sing her ancient melodies."

Then I answered him and told him what my own heart  
was repeatin' :

" 'Tis a small red drop that tells me, from my mother's  
mother's Mother,

"That the green land I am watchin' just beyond the  
waves a-beatin'

"Is the place I've dreamed of all my years, and longed  
to give it greetin'—

"No strange land, but the home land. Mother Erin  
and no other."

## THE HONEYMOON

(A HABITANT CONFIDES IN A PASSENGER ON THE  
ST. LAWRENCE RIVER BOAT)

I wass leevin' by Quebec, out near w'ere de bridge wass  
wreck,

(My frann Jeremi Batees wass los dat day.)

I wass makin' plaintee cash, drivin' Yankee in calash,  
So I go to Seraphine Lebolt, and say:

"I haf love you Seraphine, sence de day you wass four-  
teen,

W'en you mek de first communion, dress in w'ite.

I haf got a good biznesse, an' I treat you fine, I guess.  
Ask de curé if you don' believe me quite."

She wass castin' down de eye, an' wass actin' dreadful  
shy,

So I catch 'er round de neck and kiss 'er twice,

Till she cry, "Prends garde, mon chère.

Dere iss someone look, tek care.

Bes' go a leetle slow. Tek my advice."

Now de sun iss shinin' low. An' de boat she move so  
slow

Till she mek de landin' at Rivière de Loup.

We 'ave start out for a treep wot we mek on de beeg  
sheep

For de Priest he marry us de septième Aout.

You wass lookin' at my wife? She iss wort it, bet your  
life

Aint a lady in Quebec dat 'as her beat.

Wid her eyes as black as coal, an' my trotter mare's  
bes' foal

Ain' got 'air wot look more glossy or more neat.

She iss wear a marabout round her pretty neck, partout.

An' 'er robe is very chic it sim' to me.

Madame Clementine Louette, she haf mek dat robe you  
bet

So you t'ink it comin' over from Paris.

Now dey pull de ropes about, and de Cap'n 'ear 'im  
shout,

"Slack en ava' " so we must go, me an' my bride.

'Ere's my card. You come my way an' I drive you  
round all day

An' charge you—nex' to nuttin' for de ride.

## COVENT GARDEN MARKET

Wot ho, Bill! Did I 'ear yer s'y

Yer marigolds are spindlin'

And yer daylyers got the pip?

Blime. To me they looks quite g'y.

Aint noticed sales a-dwindlin'

'Ave yer, Bill, on this yer trip?

Law lumme, Bill. Yer 'ave the luck.  
Yer stall's cleaned out in 'arf an hour  
W'ile us poor coves is busy still  
Tyin' bookays an' fixin' stock.  
You'm sold out to the smarlest flower  
An' gun to count yer cash in till.

'Ow do yer do it, Bill, ole son?  
For 'Enry there 'as better bloom,  
An' Jock gives more per penny.  
You throws yer grin in, jes' fer fun  
With every sale, so there aint room  
For folks to notice any

Faults in yer flowers, or bunches thin.  
Garn Bill! We knows yer w'ys  
Don't talk to us o' "lucky d'ys"  
Wot you sells, Bill, is thet broad grin!

## FIGURE DANS UN REVE

Remy de Gourmont

(The curious repetition of the "air" rhyme and assonance in the original has had to be replaced by "eer" to give any equivalence in English.)

The most dear, with eyes clear, doth appear 'neath the  
moon

Whose ephemeral beams are the bearers of dreams.  
Down a light pale-azured, by the mists half-obsured  
She, ethereal, gleams!

Stars flower on her brow, her light hair floats in air  
Brightly, where she treads there.

In her dark eyes still wells the chimera dwells.

Her neck bare and frail a pearl rosary bars,

Its rows flaring pale reflect smiles of the stars,

While her arms wear as charms, each its twinned brace-  
let,

And a bright coronet on her fair head is set,

Whose mystic gems seven transpierce like the leven

My heart with their gleams—

'Neath the ephemeral moon, mother-bearer of dreams.

RECIPE FOR A PLAY

(Translated from Rostand's "Les Romanesques")

(Rondel)

Some costumes bright, some rhymes most light,  
Love in a park, the flute a-playing  
Some comic creatures foolish quite,  
Some passing squabbles soon set right,  
Sun-beams by day, moon-beams by night,  
Dark robes a villain bold arraying.  
Some costumes bright, some rhymes most light,  
Love in a park the flute a-playing,  
Some music, and a Watteau maying.  
An "honest play" you'll soon be saying.  
An antique garden flower bedight,  
Some costumes bright, some rhymes most light.

SONG

(From Wedekind's "So ist das Leben")

My brow is crowned with ivy  
The dew gleams in my hair  
O'er head a pair of falcons  
Cry through the clear blue air.  
My mother from the balcony  
Calls with her voice so clear:  
"Tonight thy father will come home  
"In glittering battle-gear."

## THE CLOWN SINGS

(From "So is das Leben")

Fortune's always busy planning  
Freaks no human brain would dare.  
When her moods I am a-scanning,  
Tears and smiles have both their share.

Heaven itself seems insecurely  
Set upon its own two feet.  
Then may man with reason, surely,  
Turn his somersault complete.

If your legs are easy-bending,  
If your arms can lithely spread  
Bad luck has a joyous ending,  
Good luck follows, heels o'er head!

TRANSLATIONS OF THREE SONGS  
BY JACQUES DALCROZE

## I

The little bird has left his nest and flown through all  
the world,  
The little bird has left his branch, and mourns the nest  
forlorn  
He weeps. He mourns his silvery Alp and his green  
pine.  
The little bird has hastened on, and touched at every  
land,

The bird has hastened through the world, but mourns  
his nest forlorn.

He weeps. He mourns his silvery Alp and his green  
pine.

II

Oh little house, so olden, so olden,  
Thou who sleepest so olden in the grasses.  
House of another time, witness of other days,  
Enfolding secret hidden memories  
Of ancient seasons and of hours long past.  
Ah, dear old house, my refuge and my nest,  
The past inhabits thee, oh ancient house.

Ah little hidden nest with shutters drawn,  
Much have you seen, what secrets dear you know.  
Love with sonorous voice sang 'neath your roof.  
Death has passed through thee yet thou livest still,  
Holding the perfume of a bloom long spent.  
Ah dear old house, my refuge and my nest,  
The past inhabits thee, oh ancient house.

III

The daughters of Estavayer,  
(Oh leafy tower, fair tower o' vine)  
The daughters of Estavayer  
Don't think themselves too fine,

But when to town they wend their way  
    (Oh leafy tower, fair tower o' vine)  
But when to town they wend their way  
Neat pinafores wear they.

The daughters of Estavayer,  
    (Oh leafy tower, fair tower o' vine)  
The daughters of Estavayer,  
To gossip do decline.  
But when they start to talk (men say)  
    (Oh leafy tower, fair tower o' vine)  
But when they start to talk (men say)  
They never stop all day!

### TO AN OLD POET

Once with lyre twanged dismally  
You moaned of love to Lalage,  
Of roses, youth, and Cupid's wing  
You sang with pensive breath—  
But now you laugh abysmally,  
Chanting some quaint analogy  
Deriding age, the while you sing  
A virelai to Death!

### SONG AT PARTING

Pluck it and take this little rose delay not.  
    Flowers bud and bloom, and then untimely wither.  
Night falls too soon, the happy moments stay not,  
    Vanishing whither?

What if our love so flower-like and so fragrant  
    Fade like the rose that droops beneath our fingers?  
What seems secure, turn fugitive and vagrant—  
    (No sweet thing lingers!)

Banish such thoughts! A melody so minor  
    Must not be hymned before Love's joyous altar.  
Give me your hand, your faith is freer, finer,  
    Let mine not falter!

## THE SOUL

(From the French sonnet of Jules Lacroix)

When all of earth sinks into sleep supreme,  
Save ocean, where unresting billows rage,  
Then doth night's mystery man's thought engage,  
As from Heaven's vast abysmal depths of dream  
The first bright radiance of the starry stream  
Illumes that incommensurable black page.  
Man watches, awestruck, as the pilgrimage  
Of every star in Ocean's breast doth gleam.  
Man, who by day seems pivot of the earth,  
Is but an atom, save as he has part  
With God, whose great horizon shines afar,  
Yet is man's tiny soul of something worth—  
Not ocean only, but the dewdrop's heart  
May hold reflection of the evening star.

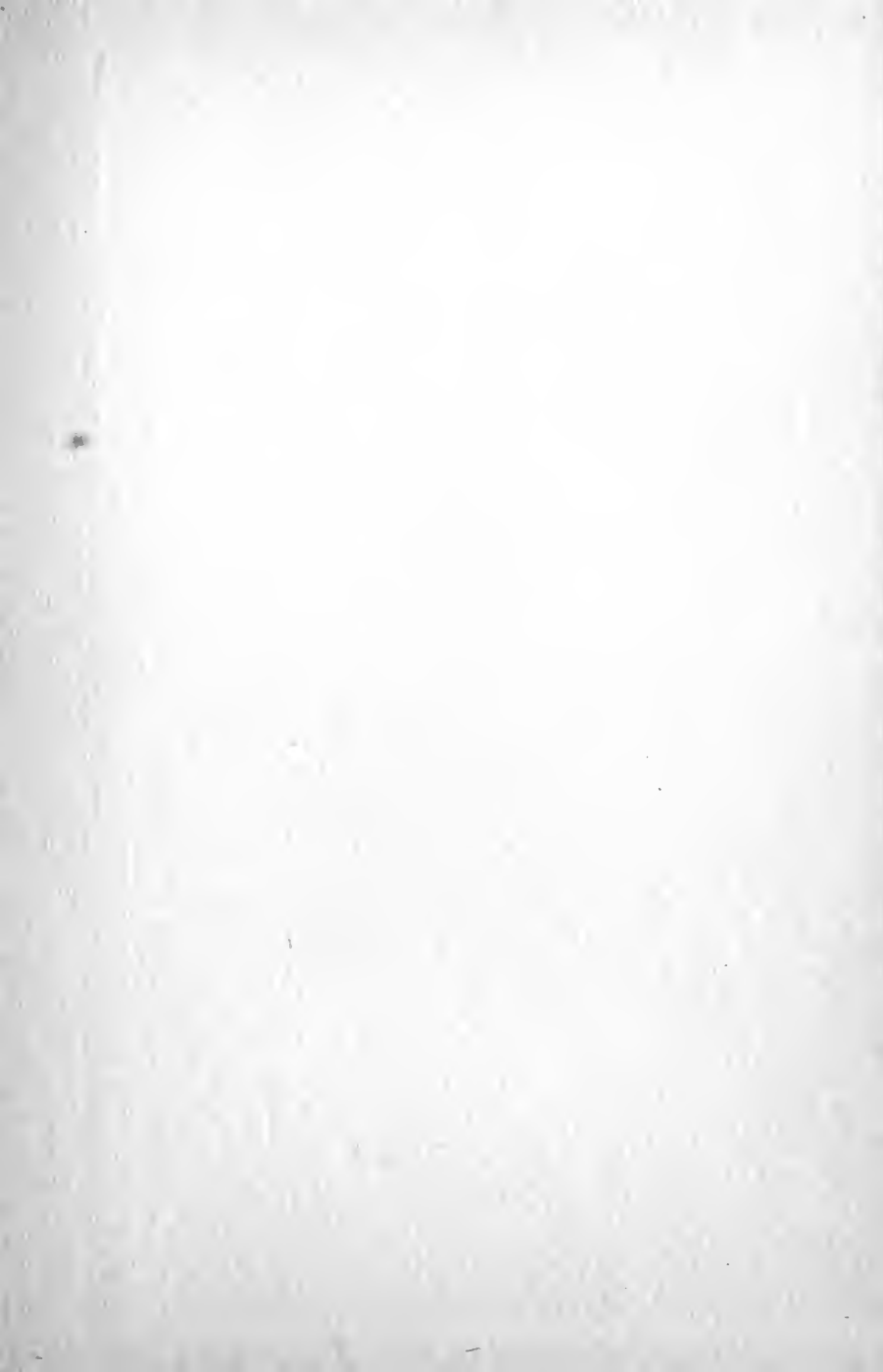












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